MEMOIR

OF

S. F. McCLEARY, JR.

Class BX9869
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Thos. S. Morison -

Harvard Divinity School

Cambridge, Mass

With the respectful regards of

Jno. F. McClary

1 Nov. 1893.

SAMUEL FOSTER McCLEARY, JR.

S. F. McCleary Jr

A Memorial

OF

SAMUEL FOSTER McCLEARY, JR.

ASSOCIATE PASTOR OF THE

CHURCH OF THE SAVIOUR,

BROOKLYN, N.Y.

1892.

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"If any little word of mine
May make a life the brighter,
If any little song of mine
May make a heart the lighter,
If any lift of mine may ease
The burden of another,
God give me love and care and strength
To help my toiling brother."

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From Class Photograph, 1888.

Portrait 71

From a photograph, 1890.

MEMOIR.

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SAMUEL FOSTER McCLEARY, son of Samuel Foster and Emily Thurston (Barnard) McCleary, was born in Boston on November 17, 1865. His father, a graduate of Harvard College in 1841, was educated for the Bar, and was City Clerk of Boston for thirty-one years. His mother, a daughter of Capt. James Henry and Eliza Lawrence Barnard, of Nantucket, received a careful education at the best schools in her native town and in New Bedford, and was graduated at the Glen Cove Seminary on Long Island. In addition to her personal graces and accomplishments, she possessed a thorough house-keeping knowledge and a taste for domestic economies, — qualities which usually characterize the young women of Nantucket.

From his mother, Samuel inherited the delicate organization in which he was framed, as well as the transparent nature and the high moral purpose which always actuated his course through life.

After attendance at the Rice Grammar School in Boston, which he left with a high rank, he entered the Public Latin School, whence he was graduated with much credit. He at once entered Harvard College, in the fall of 1884, receiving upon his admission several honors for the quality of his examination papers.

At college he attained, and kept throughout the course, a rank above the average, receiving for his Freshman work a Detur, "pro insigni in studiis diligentiâ," and he was graduated *cum laude* in the Class of 1888.

While attentive to his studies and duties in college, he did not sacrifice any of the social conditions or amenities of his academic career. Hence we find him a member of the Institute of 1770, of the Hasty Pudding Club, of the O. K. Society (a select literary club), and an active and influential editor of "The Harvard Advocate." He and his classmate Lloyd McKim Garrison were the first Freshmen who were ever elected on the editorial staff of the "Advocate." He was also one of the originators of the Harvard Banjo Club. By virtue of these several associations he became largely intimate with most of the members of his class, which numbered two hundred and forty, as well as with numerous contemporary undergraduates.

The large size of the classes at the present day is not conducive to that closeness of feeling, or that *esprit de corps*, which characterized and favored the classes of fifty years ago; yet it is conceded that few men were better acquainted with the class generally, or were more warmly esteemed by it, than the subject of this memoir.

Having been assigned an honorable part at Commencement, he took for his subject, "The Earl of Chesterfield: a Man of the World."

Upon graduation he entered into the business of the publication of Artistic Pictures and Designs, for which he had considerable taste. But recognizing that his collegiate education imposed on him corresponding obligations to extend its influence and results to others, he concluded, after serious reflection, that he ought to take such a course through life as would make his capacities and his influence as beneficial as possible to his fellow-men. He therefore entered the Harvard Divinity School in September, 1889, with the determination to devote himself to the ministry. His course during the three years spent at this school was most creditable to him, and won the approbation of the professors and his fellow-students. He was graduated in June, 1892, with the degrees of Bachelor of Divinity and Master of Arts. His thesis on this occasion was "The Life and Time of Savonarola."

During his course at the Divinity School he wrote and preached several sermons for the occasional supply of pulpits in churches near Boston; and in the summer vacation of 1891 he was sent by the American Unitarian Association to the town of New Whatcom, on Puget Sound, at the extreme northwestern portion of the State of Washington, where he gathered weekly a small congregation of earnest supporters of his liberal faith. He worked zealously in this cause, and had the satisfaction of seeing his audiences increase in number and interest, and, had he been able to continue his services there without intermission, he would have established a society with some degree of coherence and strength; but he was obliged to return to his studies at Cambridge at the close of his vacation. His efforts at New Whatcom were greatly appreciated, and they are remembered at this day with grateful interest.

In a letter to him, at the close of this service, from Rev. Thomas Van Ness, then the secretary of the Pacific Unitarian Conference, this passage occurs: "The Whatcom people speak of your work in high praise. I trust I shall be able to get another worthy and consecrated young man to follow you. I think you did a most excellent work, and shall always feel as if you were the founder of

the Whatcom society, if it continues and becomes permanent."

In a letter received, on his return to Cambridge, from an influential member of the little society in Whatcom, the writer says: "I fear we shall not find another so well fitted as you in every particular. In whatever way you go we shall always watch your course with interest, and shall take pride and pleasure in all the noble work that we know you will do in the years to come if your health is spared. Take care of your health. You are so nervous, so enthusiastic, so earnest to accomplish the most possible, so forgetful of yourself, that your constant danger is to overwork a body not naturally strong."

This was indeed a prophetic warning, for it touched the spring of his ultimate illness and untimely death.

At the following Christmas vacation, in December, 1891, he received a request from the Rev. H. Price Collier to come to Brooklyn, N. Y., and assist him in the administration of the extensive and important missions connected with the Church of the Saviour in that city. Accordingly, he went and worked in that field during two weeks so efficiently, that in the following January (1892) he received a flattering call from the trustees of that church to become the assistant minister of the society.

After consultation with his friends he accepted the position, — the society being willing to wait for his assistance until he could complete his course at the Divinity School in the following June.

Upon his graduation he obtained from the society permission to travel three months abroad, and to begin his ministerial duties on Oct. 1, 1892. Accordingly, with one of his fellow-students, Franklin C. Southworth, now settled at Duluth, Minn., he went to Europe, and visited England, France, Italy, and Switzerland, — a journey which he thoroughly enjoyed. But the fatigue promoted by his desire to see every object of interest in Rome and Florence, joined to the excessively hot weather in those cities, somewhat weakened his system, which the subsequent bracing air of Switzerland failed to support. Consequently, at Zermatt he was taken seriously ill, and at one time it was thought he could not recover. He improved, however, rapidly, but resumed his journey before his strength had wholly returned. On reaching home he proceeded, after a few days of rest, to Brooklyn, where, on Oct. 2, 1892, he was inducted into his pastoral duties by a very simple and informal service, — this being consonant with his modest views.

The following is the invitation which was issued to the members of the society upon this occasion : —

Willow Place Chapel

OF THE

Church of the Saviour.

You are cordially invited to attend a Special Service at the Willow Place Chapel, on Sunday evening, October 9th, at eight o'clock, when the Rev. Samuel F. McCleary, Jr., will begin his duties as minister.

The Church has formally called Mr. McCleary as its Assistant Minister, with special charge of the interests of the Chapel, and he has accepted the call.

On behalf of the Church, Hon. Willard Bartlett, President of the Board of Trustees, will present Mr. McCleary to the congregation at this service.

After the service, an opportunity will be given for a personal introduction to the new minister.

Faithfully yours,

GEORGE C. BRACKETT,
WILLIAM A. BUTLER,
THEODORE L. FROTHINGHAM,
Committee.

In the mean while an important change had taken place in the parish of the Church of the Saviour.

It seems that *after* his acceptance of the position in the parish as associate minister in the spring of 1892, he learned that the Rev. Mr. Collier had unexpectedly resigned his own position as pastor of

that society. This resignation took effect on Oct. 1, 1892, so that the subject of this memoir found the pulpit of the parish vacant on his arrival.

This fact affected his fond anticipations most seriously, and induced a feeling of sorrowful regret, which overshadowed his bright hopes, and necessarily imposed on him a sense of increased responsibility at the outset of his career.

Notwithstanding this dispiriting fact, he entered zealously upon his multifarious duties, which he undertook to fulfil to the uttermost, not sparing his time or strength if he could only benefit or bless his needy creatures. On Sundays his principal duties consisted in reading the morning service at the Church of the Saviour, in the superintendence of the afternoon Sunday-school at the Willow Place Chapel, and in the conduct of the evening service at that chapel, which was largely attended by the poor people of the parish. On other days he devoted the greater part of his time and strength to visits among the sick, to procuring situations for workmen out of employment, to obtaining better quarters for such as were poorly housed, and to comforting and cheering their discouraged families. In this charitable work he had the support of an influential Board of Trustees, and an efficient corps of workers. No church could have a better force of auxiliaries. In

this respect he often declared himself most fortunate; but still, with all his personal enthusiasm, there was wanting that directing wisdom and intelligence which might assume some of his responsibility, and which he could consult in cases of doubt or difficulty.

After six weeks' experience in his duties he found his mission work so extensive and absorbing that he did not get the requisite time for composing his weekly sermons. This fact soon affected seriously his nervous system, and resulted in such a disturbance of his brain as to produce a severe paroxysm of suffering, in which he passed away on Dec. 2, 1892. Thus died, at the early age of twenty-seven, this young man, a victim really of an extreme conscientiousness, which impelled him continually towards a high ideal of duty. That ideal he endeavored to attain, and he fell at last while earnestly engaged in his Master's cause.

His figure was slight, but he had a very attractive presence; his manner was always cordial. He had a winning smile, and a clear, sweet voice. To these outward graces there were added a nobility of soul, an earnest enthusiasm for whatever was right and true, and a most unselfish sympathy for his fellowmen. This last attribute was his prominent characteristic; for whenever sympathy of any kind was

needed, or material aid to be extended, or errands of mercy done, his word was always ready to cheer, his hand to aid or support, and his busy feet to run. One friend writes of him: "The world would be better from his simply living in it." The Rev. Mr. Van Ness once felicitously wrote to him: "It is your *personality* which counts."

Thoroughness was with him a prime characteristic. Like his Samaritan exemplar, he not only conveyed the object of his interest to the inn, but he did not forget to leave the penny for his care. So, to equip himself fully to aid the sufferers in his contemplated mission, he went weekly, in his Senior year at the Divinity School, to the Boston City Hospital, and took practical lessons in the dressing of wounds, the making and application of bandages, and the subsequent care of physical injuries. Thus thoroughly educated and informed for his work, he entered upon it with an enthusiastic zeal which at first overcame all obstacles, and acknowledged no repulse, so that the ultimate satisfactory end could be attained. In this pursuit all thoughts of self, of health, or sleep, were put aside, and his entire energies were devoted to the purposes and welfare of his mission. He thus was —

> "In his duty prompt at every call,
> To watch, weep, pray, and feel for all."

Such exhausting drafts upon his sympathy and nervous force could not be long continued without alleviation of some sort. His delicate organization sank under such demands, and the inevitable penalty was exacted. Thus his brief career closed; but it was, nevertheless, full, fruitful, and complete. His life now for his family and friends is a sweet and sacred memory.

S. F. M.

MEMORIAL SERVICE.

MEMORIAL SERVICE.

IN accordance with the wishes of his family and friends, a service commemorative of the life and character of Rev. Samuel F. McCleary, Jr., was held Dec. 14, 1892, at the Church of the Disciples in Boston, of which society he was a member, and in whose Sunday-school he took an active interest.

Notwithstanding the inclement weather which prevailed on that day, the church was filled by his friends, among whom were very many of his classmates and the Faculty and Students of the Harvard Divinity School. The pulpit was decked with flowers contributed by the officers and members of the Sunday-school.

The exercises were conducted by the Rev. Charles G. Ames, pastor of the church, who was assisted by the Rev. Charles F. Russell, pastor of the First Church of Weston, Mass., and by the Rev. Francis G. Peabody, D. D., Professor of Theology at the Harvard Divinity School.

The services were opened with Handel's "Largo," rendered by Joseph T. Hazelton, the organist of the church, which was followed by this hymn: —

One prayer I have, — all prayers in one, —
When I am wholly thine;
Thy will, my God, thy will be done;
And let that will be mine.

All-wise, All-mighty, and All-good,
In thee I firmly trust;
Thy ways, unknown or understood,
Are merciful and just.

Thy gifts are only then enjoyed
When used as talents lent;
Those talents only well employed
When in thy service spent.

And, though thy wisdom takes away,
Shall I arraign thy will?
No; let me bless thy name, and say,
"The Lord is gracious still."

Mr. Ames then read from the Scriptures the following

WORDS OF COMFORT.

Blessed be God, the Father of mercies, the God of all consolation, who comforteth us in all our tribulations, that we may be able to comfort others with the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God.

God is our refuge and our strength, a very present help in trouble. Therefore we will not fear, though the earth be removed and the mountains carried into the depths of the sea.

The eternal God is our refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms.

Our God is the God of salvation, and unto him belong the issues of death.

He hath abolished death; he hath brought life and immortality to light through the gospel.

To him there is no death, for to him all are living.

Let us no longer say that "in the midst of life we are in death," but let us rather say that "in the midst of death we are in life."

The dust returns to the earth as it was, and the spirit to God who gave it.

My flesh and my heart fail; but God is the strength of my life and my portion forever.

For this cause we faint not; for though our outward man perish, yet the inward man is renewed day by day.

For there is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body; and as we have borne the image of the earthy, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly.

But we that are in this bodily frame do sometimes groan, being burdened; yet not that we would go

out, but that we would go permanently in, that mortality may be swallowed up of life.

And he who hath made us for this very thing is God, who also hath given unto us the earnest of the Spirit.

For the Spirit beareth witness with our spirit that we are children of God; and if children, then heirs, — heirs of God and joint heirs with Christ; if so be that we suffer with him, that we may also be glorified together.

For I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed in us.

Therefore, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil, for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

Thou shalt guide me by thy counsel; and afterward thou shalt receive me to glory.

Then shall I be satisfied, when I awake with thy likeness.

Mr. Ames then offered the following

PRAYER.

Almighty and All-merciful! Out of the shadows of the earth we look up to the never-fading light of heaven. Thou art forever blessed, and forever the Giver of blessing, the Lord of life, the Lord of

death, the Lord of life eternal. Thou art the Maker of our bodies, thou art the Father of our spirits. Thou dost not forget the feebleness of our frame; thou knowest that we are dust. Thou dost not forget that this dust is made alive with thine own breath; thou knowest that we are thy children. Are not all our names written in thy book? Is not every soul forever cared for by thy fatherly love?

In our sorrow and our weakness, as in our joys, to whom can we turn but unto thee, the Father of mercies and the God of all comfort? When our eyes are dim with tears so that we cannot see, and when we cry out in the darkness like bewildered children, thou art never far away, and the things we cannot know are all open to thy view.

We thank thee for the precious life which thou hast given and taken. It was always thine; and because we have known and loved it, it must always be ours. We thank thee for every sweet and fair remembrance which comes to us at this hour, and which must come to these bereaved ones many a time by day and night, like a whisper of love from the lips that are silent. We thank thee for that bright though brief history, unfolding in orderly chapters of childhood, youth, and manhood; and most of all do we thank thee for the prophecy and promise of its continuance which thou hast written

in our hearts. And so we look upward, and reach upward, to take the mighty gift of comfort and of immortal hope.

Thou seest, and knowest, and lovest these dear friends whose hearts are bleeding; the balsam and the healing can come only from thy hand. Help them to feel that their treasures are not lost, that in thy keeping all is safe. Into thy hands we commit the spirit which seems to us as one departed. Into thy hands we commit ourselves forever. Teach us the sacred and blessed lesson, and inspire us with the restful faith that we and ours are heirs of God and joint-heirs with Jesus Christ to all thy boundless love still holds in reserve. And may thy Spirit work in our spirits with gracious power, to fit and prepare us to be reunited and to dwell with thee as a part of thy holy family, in worlds without end. Amen.

The congregation then joined in singing the following hymn: —

I cannot think of them as dead
Who walk with me no more;
Along the path of life I tread
They have but gone before.

The Father's house is mansioned fair
Beyond my vision dim;
All souls are his, and here or there
Are living unto him.

And still their silent ministry
Within my heart hath place,
As when on earth they walk'd with me
And met me face to face.

Their lives are made forever mine;
What they to me have been
Hath left henceforth its seal and sign
Engraven deep within.

Mine are they by an ownership
Nor time nor death can free;
For God hath given to Love to keep
Its own eternally.

Mr. Ames then said: —

Dear friends, we have met here to commemorate a beautiful life, and to express a glorious hope. For after our loved ones vanish, every bright memory is transformed; and the light of the past shines on the future, revealing a vision of the same beautiful life as it moves onward and upward, amid new scenes and new activities; ever the same, yet ever rising from glory to glory, as led by the Spirit of the Lord.

A cloud has caught our brother from our sight; but while we look mournfully at the cloud itself, the radiance of a divine light shines upon it; dear human faces look through, and we find ourselves compassed about by "a cloud of witnesses."

To our poor reasoning our brother's life seems to have ended too soon. But the very qualities that made him winsome and useful, precious to his friends and full of promise to the Church, were the qualities that shortened his earthly days. The passion for service burned in him like a fire, and in that fire his bodily frame was consumed. He too might have said, "The zeal of my Father's house hath eaten me up."

But there may be reasons for a larger faith and a larger hope than we know how to shadow forth. To an exhausted brain and discouraged spirit his career seemed at an end. With what glad surprise he must waken, as from a troubled dream, to find that his true career has but just begun, and that the programme of his real service is set down in the counsels of eternal Wisdom and Love! As Lowell said of Channing, so let us dare to say of our ascended friend: —

"He is not idle; in that higher sphere
His spirit bends itself to loving tasks;
And strength, to perfect what he dreamed of here,
Is all the crown and glory that he asks."

We are doubly fortunate in having with us to-day two of the many who have known and loved Foster McCleary, — Mr. Russell, who has just come from

Brooklyn to testify to the quality of those labors which promised so much, and Professor Peabody, who knew Mr. McCleary in his student days, in College and Divinity School; and from both of them we shall hear words of comfort and inspiration.

The Rev. Mr. Russell followed, and said: —

If I remember rightly, I first met Mr. McCleary at a public meeting. I sat near him, and the charm of his voice and his manner easily reached me across the two or three that sat between us; and when I learned that he was the young McCleary of whom I had heard, and who was then in the Divinity School, I felt at once drawn to him, and rejoiced that there had come to the help of our cause one who had so much vitality, and who embodied this in a form that would surely draw all to him.

After that I met him frequently, at the Divinity School and in my own home, and the charm that I had felt at our first meeting did but deepen as I became acquainted with the spirit of which it was the expression. I found that he had the highest ideal of what a minister's life should be; that he felt himself set apart by the profession which he had chosen from the standards by which other men were to be tried, and that he required of himself a rectitude, a self-sacrifice, a purity, a benevolence,

like that of the most saintly of those I knew, or of whom I had read.

As through fuller acquaintance I became more intimate with him, I felt how rare a spirit was his, and came to look forward, with the anxiety which springs out of affection and the knowledge of worth, to his contact with the practical side of the minister's work.

And yet, with that anxiety there was great confidence. For with this severe self-scrutiny was, first, a tender consideration for others that made him quick to see and reckon all the extenuating circumstances in any faults of conduct or of temper; and then a sweet reasonableness that put things in their best, and therefore their truest relations; and, most helpful of all, a sense of humor which is, I think, the saving grace with any tender soul that is called upon to deal with the darker and more wretched side of our humanity, and which enabled Luther and men like him to bear triumphantly the heavy burden that fell to them.

He was at my house several times when he was preparing for his summer vacation abroad, and entered into the consideration of its details with great enthusiasm. He doubted, of course, whether he ought so to indulge himself; whether he ought not at once to begin the work at Brooklyn to which

already he had been called. But he was in nowise unreasonable in this respect, and started on his voyage resolved to get the best out of it, and to enter upon his ministry refreshed and equal to its demands.

It is from that ministry, to which in due time he returned, that I have just come. Last evening I attended in Brooklyn the Boys' Club for which he cared so much, and I am here to tell you of the impression he made upon those among whom he has been laboring.

They say that he was absolutely faithful; that he was never absent from any meeting or place where it was his duty to be; that his friends had continual need to restrain rather than incite him. No one that I can find has been neglected; but where I would have thought one visit sufficient he made five. Far beyond the limits that any one else would have set for his duty he continually went.

They say he was cheerful. Many of the homes which he visited are dark with discouragement, and misery, and pain. He was a messenger of light to those that sat in darkness, cheering them by the overflowing vigor of his own trust in the care of Heaven, and by his own confidence in the power of all wretched ones to renew their courage and redeem their lives.

They say he was sympathetic; that he did not stand apart from their troubles, but entered into them, and shared, and bore them. I know a family, the father of which is a shoemaker, who had long been resident of an inland city, there working in a factory and earning a comfortable living. The firm owning the factory failed, and this shoemaker brought his family, a wife and five children, to Brooklyn to find work. Work was not to be found, and gradually the furniture, the superfluous clothing, the bedding, were parted with to pay the rent and provide food. When things were at their worst McCleary found them. He stood between them and all the woes that threatened. He was untiring in his efforts; till at length work was obtained and a new life began. The wife, sitting in the midst of the goods she owed to him, said: "He came in and out like a brother." Think of that, friends! Who could ask for a higher title than that of "brother of the poor."

They say he had great moral courage. About him were those who had long been engaged in the work which he had just begun. But he did not let their greater experience withhold him from saying what he thought to be just and true. They say he gave good counsel to those older and more experienced than himself, because he spoke out of a heart in har-

mony with the divine love and truth, and that he was a recognized and regarded leader.

They say he was not only thoughtful of his parishioners, but further of his fellow-workers; that he was quick to acknowledge and praise every effort and sacrifice which they made, but that he could not bear to hear any one mention appreciatively what *he* had done, since no deed of his satisfied his own ideal. Truly he made himself of no account.

From those among whom he worked come these words of praise and honor. No one else of the many who have labored in that field during the last three years has done so much or come so near the hearts of the people. They rise up and call him blessed.

The Master said that in that hour when the secrets of all hearts shall be disclosed, and we shall be known for what we really are, one shall say: "Come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdoms prepared for you from the foundation of the world. For I was an hungered and ye gave me meat. I was thirsty and ye gave me drink. I was a stranger and ye took me in; naked, and ye clothed me; sick, and ye visited me. I was in prison and ye came to me." The hungry tell me that he gave them to eat, feeding both their bodies and their souls. Those that were strangers say that he gave them shelter, and

friendship, and courage, and a new life. The naked say he clothed them, and gave them hope and trust in God and man, and confidence in themselves. The sick say he was untiring in his thoughtfulness and his comfort. "He cured our bodies and he restored our minds."

Friends, the poor have had the gospel preached to them. This is the message that I bring you from those among whom Mr. McCleary worked.

Prof. Francis G. Peabody, of Harvard College, then said: —

In the little chapel of the Divinity School of our University we hold each week-day morning an informal service, where a little knot of students gather to consecrate their day. Every morning, in these last years, as I issued from my home to go to the chapel, I met a young man hastening across the open space in front of my house, having walked from his home, three miles away, bright, alert, with the dew of the morning on his brow, and the blush of the winter on his cheek, anxious that he might be promptly there when our little worship should begin. And this lies in my mind as the picture of this young man's life. Lithe and alert he was in mind and body, eager to reach his place, — and that place not the duty of the class-room only, but the opportunity to

take part in the simple service of his God. So through his short life he seems to have moved, — quick, alert, responsive, ready, looking not for great things to do, but for the duties, great or small, which lay nearest to his hand.

There are many types of youth who come to our University, and who seem to those who stay there of special interest. There is the son of poverty, risking everything to get an education. There is the rich young man, coming with the privileges of a rich young man into the opportunities and perils of our peculiar life. But of all the types of life to be seen in a great university, the most interesting, on the whole, is the youth who comes by simple force of nature from his home life into the relations of the college world. He is born and bred in the best conditions of home influence and of religious nurture. He bears a name honored and familiar in the whole community. He is reared in some respected and revered church. His life moves on through its years of school untainted by the world; and at last he comes into the college circle. Then he takes that new experience just as it should be taken. He takes its religious influences, and they deepen and strengthen his character. He takes its pleasures and its recreations, and is unspoiled by them. He takes its intellectual work, and receives its honors. He gains the

confidence of his instructors and the respect of his brethren. And with this maturing life, full of resources for pleasure and rich in endowment for usefulness, he passes out into the world, and in great humility puts away the thought of great things, and gives himself up to the life of the business world. It is not for him, he thinks, to lead; it is for him to serve. And so he tries to serve; and yet, all through it, the call of the ideal is always in his heart, until at last, with a still greater humility, he turns from the things he thinks he can do to the things which God calls him to do, and with the same alertness of body and mind he offers himself to these ideal pursuits. With the same devotion and quiet industry he enters into the privileges of the Christian ministry. The ideal of such work ever recedes from him, and he grows despairing of himself. The problems and demands of his profession are more than he can bear. Finally, the sheer greatness of his own ideal overpowers him; he is swallowed up in what seems his inefficiency, and in the strain of life he goes down. What is more pathetic than such a life? What is there which can seem an unkinder fate? To grow with all the promises of heredity, to pass through the graces of childhood, into the promises of maturity, and then with all these graces and promises to vanish from our sight, —

what can be sadder than this? And yet is not just such a disappearance the just assurance of the eternal world. What is heaven for, if it be not to complete this world's incompleteness, and to atone for this world's hardness? Is a life like this to be snuffed out like a candle, and are traits like these to have no further mission? Are such ideals to be unfruitful in God's universe? It is for just such lives that heaven is waiting; while it is from just such lives that this world finds it most hard to part. And so, with a resignation which is full of hope, we dismiss this youth from his service for us to that higher service for which God himself is waiting; and we part from his living presence with gratitude and reverent faith.

Professor Peabody then said: —

I have had put into my hands a simple and most sympathetic letter sent to one of the Trustees of the Brooklyn Church by a kindergarten teacher, and it says so much, and with such genuine feeling, that I read it to you just as it comes into my hands.

202 Seventh Street,
Brooklyn, Dec. 7, 1892.

Dear Mr. White, — I do so much want Mr. McCleary's family to know all that he has done to help me in the kindergarten work, and how much

he is loved by the little ones, as well as by the Mission people. There has not a day passed since he came to Brooklyn that he did not come into the kindergarten, and if we were having our songs, he would sing with us; and if any little child was in tears, Mr. McCleary would take the little one on his knee, and in a few moments all would be sunshine.

We had such pleasant times talking about the families in the Mission; and whenever I would tell him about any one in trouble he would always help each one in some way. Whenever there was sickness I would always find flowers and some little delicacy in the room, showing that some kind person had called; and I never was wrong when I said, "I guess Mr. McCleary has been in." One case in particular illustrates his kindliness. One of our women, a German, was very sick, and one afternoon when I called upon her, she drew from beneath her pillow a Bible printed in German, which Mr. McCleary gave her. He did so much good, and yet he would never let me thank him for it, saying, "I have done nothing, — it is you who are good." During the Columbus celebration Mr. McCleary wrote me a little note, saying, "as all the world were taking a holiday," he wanted me to go too, and have a good time. Since he came back from

his visit at home I saw that he was not feeling well, but he seemed determined to perform his work.

Thursday, December 1, was the last time I saw him. He came into the kindergarten about 2 P. M., and as I was through with my day's work, he sat down and we had a little talk. After a while he put his head in his hands. I then said, "You are not feeling well." He replied, "Not very." He said he would not be down to the Mothers' meeting that evening, and would I please give the key of the piano to Miss Low. I said I was glad he was not coming down. He looked tired; and when he went he came up to me and took my hand, and said, "You have helped me so much." About 3 P. M. I went through the Residence House, and saw Mr. McCleary in his room writing; he called to me, asking if I would come up for a moment, as he wished to speak to me about one family. I went up, and was glad I did, for he seemed to have thrown off the tired look and was quite bright. I noticed that there was no fire in his room, and I told him that I was coming in to-morrow morning to light the fire myself. He laughed, and said, "You can light it for me to-morrow if you wish." I did so, and the room was warm all that day, but Mr. McCleary did not return again to the Residence House.

We shall all miss him so much, for he brought so much comfort into the homes of our people.

Sincerely,

HELEN F. HARRINGTON.

Before giving out the closing hymn, Mr. Ames said: —

The hymns we sing to-day were selected, not exactly by our dear departed brother, but by those who are nearest to him; and they seem like the reflection of what was best in his spirit and life. I am inly urged to add that there are perhaps two hundred persons present who do not forget that he often sat with the family in yonder pew; and that a few months ago they saw his bright face and heard his cheery voice, as he stood in this pulpit on a Sunday morning. More than one of us must sometimes have been reminded of that saying, already quoted, about the young man in the gospel story, "And Jesus, beholding him, loved him." I only regret at this moment that we never made him aware how much he was loved and trusted, nor how large a place he had made for himself in human hearts. Let us give ourselves one more admonition not to neglect or suppress that just and generous appreciation of each other of which we all stand in need, and which it may be even more blessed to give than to receive.

The congregation then united in singing the following hymn : —

We ask not, Father, for repose
  Which comes from outward rest,
If we may have through all life's woes,
  Thy peace within our breast ;

That peace which suffers and is strong,
  Trusts where it cannot see,
Deems not the trial-way too long,
  But leaves the end with thee ;

That peace which flows serene and deep,
  A river in the soul,
Whose banks a living verdure keep, —
  God's sunshine o'er the whole.

O Father, give our hearts this peace,
  Whate'er may outward be,
Till all life's discipline shall cease,
  And we go home to thee.

Rev. Mr. Russell then pronounced the benediction :

" May that peace which cannot be taken away be with us and abide with us all forevermore. Amen."

As the large congregation slowly and sadly withdrew from the church, the organist rendered, from Mendelssohn's " St. Paul," the appropriate air, " But the Lord is mindful of His own."

RESOLUTIONS

AND OTHER TRIBUTES.

RESOLUTIONS

AND OTHER TRIBUTES.

Church of the Saviour,
Brooklyn, Jan. 26, 1893.

To Mr. Samuel F. McCleary, — At a Parish meeting of the Church of the Saviour, held this week (it being the first parish meeting held since the death of your son), the following memorial was read: —

"The Church of the Saviour desires to place upon its records the expression of its appreciation of the energy and self-devotion of its late associate pastor, the Rev. Samuel Foster McCleary, Jr., its sorrow for his early death, and its sympathy for his family.

"Though with the church only two months, he had impressed all, with whom he was brought in contact, by his sensitive religious character, and his devotion to his chosen work. Those who knew him best while here bring the most loving tributes to his memory.

"As life is not to be counted by length of years, but by the fulfilment of the duties which it brings,

his short span of twenty-seven years is not the measure of his life, but rather the abundance of his cheerful giving of himself to others, his earnestness, and his unselfishness."

F. R. MITCHELL, *Secretary*.
534 Monroe St.

247 Fifth Avenue,
NEW YORK, Feb. 24, 1893.

MY DEAR SIR, — At the last meeting of the New York Unitarian Sunday School Union, held February 8, the following Resolutions were passed in memory of your son, Rev. S. F. McCleary, Jr., who was one of the Directors of the Union.

A copy of the Resolutions is inclosed. I am,

Yours truly,

RUSSELL N. BELLOWS,
Secretary.

The Sunday School Union having met with an almost irreparable loss in the removal of Rev. Samuel F. McCleary, Jr., therefore be it

Resolved, That in his beautiful life and whole-hearted devotion to the Sunday-school of which he was the beloved superintendent, he wielded an influence which can never die.

Resolved, That in his intercourse with children he was ever bright, sunshiny, and winning, mak-

ing them feel that he was always a true friend, to whom they could unhesitatingly come in their troubles, and upon whom they could rely, as upon a rock.

Resolved, That in his visitations among the families of the children he was always full of cheer and consolation, bringing many a ray of comfort into darkened lives, and substantial help to many a poverty-stricken household.

Resolved, That to the teachers in the Sunday-school over which he presided, he was always the helpful superintendent, and to the Bible Class ever the faithful and efficient teacher, never sparing himself in their service. For persistent and untiring effort in the interests of the Mission, of which he was the honored pastor, his memory will always be cherished by young and old alike.

W. C. Gardner,
Emma C. Low,
Elizabeth G. Mumford,
Committee.

While he was a member of the Harvard Divinity School he joined, with his friend Herman Page, the Trinity Club of Boston, which was then actively engaged in efforts to bring the gospel to the knowledge of the poor unchurched people of that city. At

his death the club framed and passed the following tribute : —

Boston, Dec. 23, 1892.

The members of Trinity Club, at their last regular meeting, having heard with deep sorrow of the death of the Rev. S. F. McCleary, instructed a committee to draw up Resolutions to give expression to their sympathy for Mr. McCleary's family, and to the high esteem in which the club held Mr. McCleary.

The club, through its committee, felt deeply the truth and inspiration of Mr. McCleary's life, as commemorated in the memorial services at the Church of the Disciples.

Those of us who had a personal acquaintance with him feel a personal loss. In all our contact in the activities of our club life, his genial nature and true manliness were a help and an inspiration.

F. Nathaniel Perkins,
Josiah H. Quincy,
W. Dewees Roberts,
Committee.

In the summer of 1890 he assisted Dr. Winthrop T. Talbot in the management of the well-known camp for boys at Lake Asquam, in Holderness, N. H. At this camp the boys enjoyed for three months much out-of-door life, in which athletics,

amusement, and instruction were happily combined. Stephen B. Stanton (H. U. 1887), now a member of the New York Bar, who was also an assistant manager at the camp, writes to a friend as follows : —

" Foster was the life of the camp ; his presence there more than that of anybody or anything else has left its impress upon it. He ran the theatricals at the water-sports, and not only planned the whole performance, but wrote for it verses which have been handed down as tradition ever since. He also composed, on the moment as it were, a very pretty ode for the Fourth of July celebration there. The campfire always awaited his coming with his banjo. Then, too, the energy with which he threw himself into all athletics at the camp, especially in captaining the base-ball nine, has made a high-water mark in that field for all subsequent summers. He was an unmistakable favorite with all the boys."

In the " Boston Evening Transcript " of Dec. 10, 1892, Dr. Winthrop T. Talbot, who was his companion at school and camp and college, thus states the result of his intimate acquaintance : —

SAMUEL FOSTER MCCLEARY, JR.

A happy temperament, an ability to enjoy the beauty of living, a kindly wit, a keen appreciation

of humor, and large natural and acquired gifts in music and art are qualities which go far to make a good companion. Unswerving loyalty and good faith, constant thoughtfulness for others, and tenacity of all relationships make a dear friend. Self-denying generosity, earnest devotion to lofty ideals, deep and intelligent interest in the common weal make a valued citizen. When these traits are combined with an intellectual ability of no mean order, and an unremitting and effective power of work, the value of such an influence in the community is unmeasured. In the loss of a man so endowed and equipped, a circle far larger than his immediate family must feel a deep sense of personal grief and affliction. So it is a valued privilege and right to render loving tribute to one crushed by his rigid sense of duty, and devotion to overwhelming responsibility.

The pure and vigorous personality of Samuel Foster McCleary, Jr., was early felt by a wide acquaintance. That the promise of his youth is at an end through self-denial and over-application to labor, can bring no consolation to the bereaved family. Friends can offer only silently their sincere and heartfelt sympathy. On the part of old acquaintances, fellow-scholars at the Boston Latin School and college mates at Harvard University, this ex-

pression of affectionate regard is made in remembrance of one who was known only to be loved.

W. T. T.

The following tribute was published in the "Harvard Crimson," Cambridge, Mass., on Dec. 18, 1892:

OBITUARY.

Seldom, if ever, has there been a death of one recently among us so widely felt, and so very sad, as that of Samuel Foster McCleary, Jr., of the class of 1888. He was a simple, thoroughly good, scholarly fellow, beloved by all that knew him.

His father was formerly city clerk in Boston, and was also a Harvard man. After McCleary graduated he went into business for about a year in the city, when he returned here to the Divinity School. By doing extra work he was enabled to take his diploma this year, — the degree of A. M. as well as the Divinity School degree.

In October of this year he was settled over the Mission Chapel, a branch of the Church of the Saviour of Brooklyn, N. Y. So earnest and so deeply in sympathy with his work was he that very soon it began to tell upon his health. Despite this there was no end to his activity; and he daily visited scenes of poverty, and homes of trouble, till his sensitive nature was broken. And even at the

end, when not himself, he was conscientious and gallant to the last drop; he paid all his debts, gave directions to those under him, and then, when everything was settled, he boarded the Fall River boat, after which he was never seen again.

At Harvard he was a model student, always bright and cheerful, interested in club work, and at the same time a good worker. He was one of the organizers of the Banjo Club, an editor of the "Advocate," and a member of the Pudding and O. K. And although so much with his fellow-students, he got a Detur in his Freshman year, and graduated with honorable mention, and the degree *cum laude*. The memorial service held at his church on Monday, where there were present so many men, showed only too clearly how he was esteemed here at Harvard.

The following tribute was written and published in the "Harvard Advocate," Feb. 28, 1893, by his friend and classmate Lloyd McKim Garrison, of New York. It represents McCleary as he appeared in his undergraduate days at Harvard College: —

SAMUEL FOSTER McCLEARY, JR.

There are many born into this world that seem from their first childhood destined for but a brief sojourn in it; and the very frailty and sensitiveness

that often endear them to us serve also to prepare us for and reconcile us to their sudden departure. There are others, on the contrary, whose health and joyousness in life were so great that no lapse of time after their premature ending ever brings with it the conviction that such fine vitality could perish. It is true that the cruel actuality of physical absence is compelled upon their friends; but that does not make itself more keenly felt than other life-long separations caused by the hard necessities of residence or profession; and the mind — which always pictures the absent as they last went by its windows — puts into the same gallery those who have gone full of hope to labor at the ends of the earth, and those, their comrades, who died full of the same fire of youth. Such a one was my classmate McCleary, — a spirit so blithe, so bubbling over with mirth and cheerfulness and generous affection, that his sudden and untimely death seems not less incredible, as I am now writing, than when I first heard of it, over two months ago.

It is fitting that the "Advocate," to which he gave his best efforts while in college, and which, at the most gloomy period of its history he labored so hard to keep alive, should have a sketch of him in its volumes, which are so full of his work.

I first knew him in October, 1884, when several

squads of us were competing for places on the Freshman crew, and awkwardly trying to handle the rude clubs that served as oars in the days of the pneumatic machines. An alert, handsome boy, in a big gray overcoat, whose turned-up collar saved him from the icy draughts that swept through the arches in the old rowing-room, came every day and watched us, and talked confidentially with the coach; and we learned by and by that his name was McCleary, and that he hoped to be coxswain. Vain hope! He told me afterwards what a blow it had been to his ambition; but no effort could sufficiently reduce his weight below his rival's.

In May, 1885, while we were yet Freshmen, we were taken on to the "Advocate" board, at a time when the now-forgotten schism caused by the foundation of the "Monthly" threatened wholly to destroy the older periodical; and from that time till the middle of our Senior year we were intimately related with the paper and with each other. In October, 1885, McCleary drew No. 16 in Holyoke House, and I continued in No. 23 on the same floor, and thenceforth each had a sort of tenancy-at-will in the other's room and chattels, especially when No. 16 became the semi-public sanctum of the "Advocate," piled up with books, and stacks of papers and periodicals from every college in the Union, and, in spite of its

occupant's fastidious neatness, littered with ragged clippings.

From the moment he became an editor, McCleary occupied a leading position on the "Advocate," and in due time became secretary of the Senior board. It was his task, while they lasted, to read aloud at the Monday night meetings the offerings of the editors; and his pleasant voice never changed its tone at bad handwriting or poor composition, nor did he (outwardly) grow weary of the interminable task. His criticism of others' work was very just, but so kind and tactful that his severity was never resented. He was a radical in college politics, — for instance, in the reform of athletics, and the separation of them from the interference of the D. K. E., which was then notorious, — but he never lost his temper if the board happened to be conservative.

In addition to qualities which so well fitted him to conduct the paper, he had great facility in writing, and extraordinary willingness to work. He always did his own work, and nearly always somebody else's, — and did it with a cheery enthusiasm, as if he relished the imposition. He could write anything agreeably, — editorials, stories, light essays, farces, verse, and facetiæ, — and his contributions amounted to nearly one third of the paper during the year we edited it together.

Outside of his editorial occupations, his life was what that of any enthusiastic and healthy boy might be. He was an ardent lover of his college and his class, and a faithful attendant in his time at all the games and class or college demonstrations. He was a good scholar, though if he had not been so good an editor he might have been a better. His athletic ambition having been turned from the crew, he took to bicycling, and became captain of the Bicycle Club. He played the banjo better than any one else then in college, and together with Scott, Gray, and Parker, founded the Banjo Club. He was an excellent hand at whist, and wrote enthusiastic articles on "Cavendish" for the "Advocate;" he also played chess well, and was a member of the Chess and Whist Club.

In person he was small, but well formed and quite powerful, and a very graceful skater and dancer. His face was youthful, but unusually handsome, — a perfect oval, quite smooth, with an olive skin suffused with red, curly light-brown hair, and large, gentle blue eyes; and upon his joining the Pudding he became known as the best-looking "girl" in the chorus, where his dancing and a very fair singing voice made him additionally acceptable.

It was by his literary tastes, however, that he was best known in college. His three years upon the

"Advocate" served to impress his personality very strongly upon his class, where his occasional poems for class dinners and club reunions were keenly appreciated. He was a leading spirit in the '88 O. K., which was then one of the most amusing of societies, however it may since have changed; and he was the author of many good Pudding choruses.

No one could know him well and not feel the invasion of his personal charm. It was not only his beauty of countenance, but the sweetness of his expression, and an irrepressible warmth of manner. His laughter came unrestrained; he wrung your hand when he shook it, swung into your room with impetuosity, and brought a little breeze of eagerness and expectancy in with him whenever he came. He was always hurried, and always running over with joy at the merely being so busy and accomplishing so much. He was a great optimist by temperament, as well as by reason of his age. He was the cheerfullest boy himself, and made more other people cheerful than almost any one I ever knew. He was very sympathetic; but even his expressions of sympathy were cheerful, and not a mere adaptation of another's mood.

Beneath this joyous exterior he had an intense and fervid character. He was very religious, but was strong for voluntary prayers. He was by nature

very social; but the delicacy of his spirit shone out of him so strong that men were instinctively decent of speech before him. He had a keen sense of fun, but he was by nature serious and ambitious.

When he graduated, in 1888, he went into business for a brief period, and then entered the Divinity School, where he took high rank as a scholar, and won universal esteem. We went for occasional walks together, but the old daily intercourse had ceased. I last saw him in Cambridge in the summer of 1891, when enthusiasm for his calling had obtained complete possession of him; and my last talk with him was of its limitations and possibilities. He had very humane and enlightened aspirations, and his conscientiousness allowed him no thought of his physical welfare. So he entered upon the heavy duties of a large parish in the autumn of last year. The work of the after-world is without limitations to the ambitious; and before McCleary's sympathetic vision lay an unending perspective of human suffering for him to cure or comfort. In the over-generous impulse to do it in an hour he sacrificed himself.

L. McK. G.

Boston, Dec. 14, 1892.

Dear Mr. McCleary, — The members of "The Essay Club" wish to express to you and to your

daughters the deep sympathy which they feel at this time when so great a bereavement has fallen upon us all, and also to tell you of the love and admiration which they have for him, among their number, who will be no longer with them.

Many of us knew Foster well. Some of us were with him at school and in college, and have kept more or less closely in touch with him since he entered actively upon his chosen life-work. We have known both the strength and activity of his mind and the nobility of his life. His touching forgetfulness of self and his perfect regard for the feelings and rights of others made the bond between him and us strong and lasting.

Perhaps it was his lofty enthusiasm for the highest and best in life which impressed us most, — such an enthusiasm as can be born of only the strongest, purest, and most unselfish minds; and I think there is no one of us in this circle of those, who are glad to feel that they were Foster's friends, who has not and will not get inspiration from his friendship and from the example of his noble life.

Believe us, dear Mr. McCleary, most sincere in our sympathy.

The Members of "The Essay Club."
By Thos. Tileston Baldwin.

PUBLIC LATIN SCHOOL,
BOSTON, Dec. 14, 1892.

MY DEAR MR. McCLEARY, — I have just been listening to the beautiful words of tribute to the memory of Foster, which touched the hearts of all and brought tears to the eyes of many. From my recollection of him as a boy, and from my knowledge of him as a student in college and the Divinity School, I could most heartily respond to the encomiums upon his life and character as expressed by the reverend gentlemen.

I have not ventured to anticipate your conviction of his demise by telling you of our sadness here at school when we read, a few days ago, the account of his unexplained disappearance. We hoped for the best in regard to him; but this memorial service now convinces us that you no longer have doubts.

I think of Foster now as we often do of friends when taken from us. We recognize and acknowledge their goodness and the value of their friendship to us while they are with us, but do not arrive at a full appreciation of their inestimable worth till they are removed from our sight. While in the Latin School Foster was a bright, cheerful, vivacious pupil, quick in his perceptions, abounding in good humor, honorable, and high-minded. He was a beloved schoolmate, and yet, always clearly

distinguishing between right and wrong, he had the courage to do the right.

His career in the school affords all of his teachers a delightful memory, and we grieve that his life, so thoroughly consecrated to the glory of his Redeemer and the amelioration of humanity, should be so suddenly and mysteriously taken from us. But it is God's will, and His will be done.

May you be comforted in your irreparable loss by the assurance that he won the love and esteem of every acquaintance by the nobility of his character, that his life was without spot or blemish, and that God has taken to himself a soul laden with divine riches.

We mourn with you, and yet rejoice that his soul is free and beyond the reach of sorrow and suffering.

Very sincerely yours,

MOSES MERRILL.

6 HILLIARD STREET,
CAMBRIDGE, Dec. 10, 1892.

MY DEAR SIR, — Though not personally acquainted with you, I cannot refrain from writing you a word of heartfelt sympathy at the loss of your pure and noble-minded son. In September we crossed the ocean together on the "Pavonia," and on the voy-

age I had a number of long talks with him. The impression he left on me was of a rarely elevated and consecrated nature; while at the same time I more than once expressed to my daughters the almost pathetic sense I felt of the fragility of his constitution. His aims were visibly so high, and his yearning to do good so intense, that I longed he might have the physical strength to carry them out.

During the voyage he seemed most of the time inclined to rest, lying at full length in his sea-chair; but every once in a while we would walk the deck together and talk. At such times I never noticed in him any trace of melancholy. On the contrary, he seemed ardent and hopeful. But he soon tired of exercise and conversation, and would then retire once more to his chair.

With health to support him, your son would have proved a source of constant help and consolation to others. Poor, dear fellow! his spirit overwrought his body. But it was a pure and high spirit which could never die, and so is, I doubt not, living in the light of God, and in some celestial service such as he longed to fulfil on earth.

Believe me, in heartfelt sympathy,

Sincerely yours,

(Rev.) FRANCIS TIFFANY.

Extract from a letter dated Dec. 11, 1892, written by Rev. Samuel A. Eliot, of Denver, Col., who has recently been called to fill the pulpit of the Church of the Saviour, in Brooklyn, N. Y.: —

"My acquaintance with Mr. McCleary was very slight; but I had not failed to recognize the beauty of his character, the clearness of his mind, and the sweetness of his disposition. I anticipated a useful and happy future for him in his chosen profession. The chance for working with him made the opportunity offered me at Brooklyn doubly alluring. He was the man above all others that I should have chosen for an associate. His ability, his quick conscientiousness, his devotion to duty, his consideration for others, his unselfishness, — all made me think of him as an ideal companion in church work. It is a great personal grief to me to hear of his untimely death. The bright prospect that appeared so enticingly before has become dark."

Extract from a letter dated Dec. 10, 1892, from Edward A. Church, a valued member of the Church of the Disciples, Boston: —

"It was my good fortune to meet your son repeatedly; and the charm which he exercised upon me when I first saw him in the pulpit of our church was confirmed and strengthened by our interviews.

I *loved* him, and had hoped to know him more intimately. And now I must wait! I was deeply impressed by his earnestness and devotion. His religion seemed to be a veritable passion with him. I felt that it was a real vocation, and that he was destined to distinguish himself in his chosen line of service for God and man. His enthusiasm kindled my own heart, and I bade him God-speed in his enterprise, though I cautioned him at the same time against the danger of overtaxing his material strength. It is impossible to explain why his unspent candle is so suddenly extinguished, — why a life so sweet and devoted was not allowed continuance. Certainly the dear boy has not lived in vain. No one meeting him could have helped being benefited by the contact, and he has left behind him in very many hearts a sense of sweetness and inspiration, which will bear fruit I am sure, and will embalm his blessed memory. I feel also in an event like this the absolute *necessity* of another life. A character like his is one of the best arguments for immortality. To create so fine a thing, develop it to so great a degree, and then to annihilate it, would be an absurdity."

Extract from a letter dated Dec. 18, 1892, from a prominent member of the little society which he

organized at New Whatcom in the State of Washington in 1891: —

"We all loved your boy, and he left behind him here a warm place in the hearts of all who knew him. His earnestness of high purpose, his unselfishness and self-sacrifice, were the remark of all who came in contact with him. The life he led with us and the sermons he preached while here were an inspiration to us all. His health seemed so frail that we watched him with anxiety, and feared that the earnest active soul would too soon wear out the body. In our memory of him there is only pleasure. It is not often that one comes into my life as your son did. He was with us a short time only, but it seemed as if we had known him years instead of months. I am glad that I knew him and was brought so closely to him."

More than a hundred other letters have been received by his family expressive of ideas similar to the foregoing. Among them one classmate writes: —

"His was the purest, cleanest life I knew in college; he seemed the Galahad of our little set."

LETTERS FROM EUROPE.

LETTERS FROM EUROPE.

THROUGH the unsolicited generosity of a relative, Mr. McCleary was offered the sum necessary for a voyage to and from Europe and for a three months' sojourn in England and on the Continent. With his friend and fellow-student F. C. Southworth, and Alexander Lincoln, an undergraduate at Harvard, he took passage on the steamer "Columbian" of the Leyland Line. These three were the only passengers on the steamer, and they occupied the only staterooms on board, the steamer being built for the conveyance of freight and cattle to Liverpool.

They sailed from Charlestown on the night of June 29, 1892, and they arrived at Liverpool ten days later.

The following are extracts from a few of his letters written while abroad: —

S. S. "Columbian," July 7.
(80 miles off the Fastnet, Ireland.)

My dear F., — This is the 9th day out, and tomorrow night (Friday), if all goes well, we shall be

safely moored in the Mersey. Our passage to the present time has been remarkably fine. We left Charlestown at *four* o'clock in the morning, and only just got out at that. As it was, the pilot shook his head at trying it, and Captain Moore took things into his own hands. At breakfast next morning we were well on our way and out of sight of land; I felt just a little mite off color, but soon braced up, and have been completely well ever since. None of us have missed a meal since we started. The second day out we struck a fog, and this held with us for four days off and on. It was particularly bad for us, for at precisely the foggy times we were in the iceberg region, and Captain Moore told us that he had never known so many icebergs around Newfoundland before. We got through without even seeing one, however. Monday, the 4th, the weather cleared, and it has been clear ever since. The sea has been until yesterday singularly smooth, and I believe even E. could have weathered it with ease. Yesterday, however, a "summer gale" came on and piled the water up in great shape, so that we rolled like a barrel. We did not mind it in the least, however, for we had our sea-legs well on. Yesterday and to-day the ocean was grand. It was all new to me, for I had never before seen such large, swelling mountains of water. A trip on the ocean gives one a conception of

the vastness of the sea. We have been out nine days, making runs of over 300 miles a day, and yet have seen no sign of land. Sometimes there is a sparkling phosphorescent glow on the waves that is dazzlingly brilliant. Yesterday the rain came with the sun, and we had a most perfect rainbow. The sun was well down, and the arch was more than half a circle. The ends went far down into the water, and outside the more intense bow was a second one.

We have met very few passing vessels. One or two passed us in the fog, and it was strange to hear the whistles, — almost ghostly. One morning we overhauled an American brigantine hove to. She carried a blackboard on her after deck, and on it, in clumsy letters, was printed: —

"WHAT YOUR LONGITUDE?"

We answered the same way, and gave them on a board the results of our noon observation, and then we both took our courses. The brigantine was a very pretty sight, riding all alone there on a great sea of blue, her spars dipping to the swell, and her canvas billowing out. Once or twice we saw some steamers on the horizon, but have passed none anywhere near at hand. Occasionally we see a whale spouting, and porpoises jumping and diving. Mother Carey's

chickens fly all around the ship, and we are now getting into the region of the seagulls.

Everything is comfortable and pleasant aboard ship, and the officers are very kind and hearty men. Captain Moore treats us like dukes, and we have the run of the ship, and make ourselves at home in his cabin. Evenings we play whist with him, Southworth and I generally doing up the captain and Alex. The captain plays the concertina, and often we go on deck and have a sing. At ten o'clock we repair to the cabin, and the steward brings up bread and butter, coffee, and bananas, and we have a tidy little repast before turning in. I had a long talk with the captain one night, as we paced together up and down the bridge, on the subject of religion, the captain having asked me what a Unitarian believed. He seemed to be greatly taken with our ways of thinking, and declared that that had been his religion all his life, but he had never found a minister before who represented his views. The captain is a remarkably good and generous man, and one of the squarest I have ever met.

The mate, William Logan, is a strapping big fellow, and a gallant sailor too. He has knocked all around the world, and seen about all of it. He has told me some of the greatest sea-stories I ever listened to. It has been great fun for me to sit up on

the bridge in the night-watches and listen to Logan's stories. The second officer has been in the Crimean War, served before Sebastopol, and was in the Sepoy mutiny. I find among all the officers a general indifference, almost a dislike, of the sea. They take it as a grim necessity. For my part I believe a life on shore would make them scamper back to the quarter-deck.

We read a great deal. We take our steamer-chairs on deck, and lounge about in very comfortable, lazy fashion. We have read all kinds of things, — for the captain has a little library of his own. For exercise we go all over the ship, — down among the cattle-pens, and fore and aft on deck. There are 800 head of cattle on board, and we lost 11 head so far. The smell of the cattle is not so disagreeable; it smells like the country barnyards, and the hay gives an added bucolic fragrance. Sometimes it is a bit overpowering near the dining-room.

The engines of the "Columbian" are superb. They are triple cylinder. The largest is 150 lbs. pressure, — a slight increase over the once renowned 91-lb. engines of our fathers. We saw the furnaces the other day, — twelve of them. One is cleaned out every four hours, and the slag or clinkers scraped off the bars. The stoking business

is the hottest on earth, and I do not see how the men stand it. Logan tells me he has seen stokers falling down on their hands and knees before the engineer, begging him to give them something else to do. Many go insane, and jump overboard. The stokers on the "Columbian" are made up of the lowest element in Liverpool, and the strongest of them do not live more than ten years. That furnace-room was the best simulacrum of hell I have ever seen. Well, to get into a cooler atmosphere, Alex and I are great ball players. We have made and lost about forty balls. We make them out of hay, and put a junk of coal inside to give them weight, tying the whole up with rope-yarn. The boat lurches so, and our throws are so uncertain that the sphere, after a hundred throws, generally finds its way overboard. Sometimes we three fellows play "three old cat" with a bat. On such occasions "Pat Murphy," the captain's Irish terrier, plays with us, and often we hit a ball that cannot be found again owing to Pat's habit of walking off with it. Runs of this nature are credited to the batsmen as "runs assisted by Pat." Pat is a veritable dog-in-the-manger. He hates to see the cattle eat, and he even snatches the hay out of their mouths. We often turn on the water on deck just to see Pat bite at it and strangle.

To-day the first mate produced an air-gun, and Alex and I had a match, at which I won. Alex and Southworth play casino, and sometimes I indulge Alex to the extent of a rubber of euchre.

We have all been very well, and look brown. We have not shaved, so that our looks are pretty shabby; but we don't mind that. You may be glad to hear that the cholera medicine came in "handy." The third officer was taken down with colic, and I mixed a spoonful in a *very little* water, and it was the hottest drink he ever took. It set him on his legs, however, and he showed his gratitude by making Alex and me a lot of canvas balls, all but one of which, however, are now overboard. I tried a similar dose on the foreman of the cattlemen, but his case was further on, and they had to have recourse to the ship's chest.

I suppose you do not know that Southworth and I are regular officers on board. In order to get passage we had to sign the articles. Southworth is third steward, and I assistant purser. The captain tells us that if we care to remain over in Liverpool till Monday, he will give us our regular formal discharges. We hardly think we can wait however.

On the whole our trip has been a great success. We are really sorry to think we are to sight land in a few hours. The captain on his side says he will

miss us greatly, we have been so much together, and have had such good times. I am quite sure I shall get nothing anywhere near equal to the accommodations we have had here. You remember how finely our staterooms are situated. Well, we simply hook the door open a little way, and we get the fine night sea-air.

Again, the boat is so large that she rides easily, bridging the great waves. She is quite fast too, — can easily beat all the Boston Cunarders, except perhaps the "Scythia," and can hold her own with her.

The "Columbian" has made on occasions 350 miles. Such boats as the "Teutonic," the "Majestic," and the "Umbria," and the "City of Paris" make about 500 miles a day. The passage is not so comfortable however; and I am quite sure that when I take the "Servia" on the 17th of September, — a fine but wet craft, — I shall miss the comfort of this staunch cattle-steamer.

London, W. C., July 13.

My dear C., — A postal following my steamer-letter told of my arrival in Liverpool, and I will take up my journal from that point. We took a third-class compartment on the London express. The English trains, as you know, are very long, and each car is divided sectionally with doors on sides, which

are regularly locked after you are in. Each compartment holds ten,—five on a seat, half riding backwards. In first and second class there are fewer in the compartments. Our third-class car was very clean, neat, and comfortable. The country between Liverpool and London was generally quite pretty, — diversified, like our Massachusetts landscape. The great difference, however, is in the houses. There are no frame houses in the country; everything is of stone or brick, and most of the houses are covered with ivy or vines, and there are deep hedges both around the gardens and along the country roads. The houses and grounds look trim and snug and very picturesque. They are commonly low and rambling. The trains go about as fast as ours, and we found ourselves in London all of a sudden. I supposed that we should come into suburbs, as you do in case of New York, Philadelphia, and Chicago, but we thundered right into the city. It was about 8.30 in the evening; but as it never gets dark here till after nine, we were not very much bewildered. Mr. C. had given us an address, and we called the omnipresent hansom and went in search of lodgings. No. 4 Bernard Street finally caught us. The name of the landlady is one dear to your heart, — Mrs. M. Mrs. M. is a character — regularly "Dickensy," whining, rising accent in her talk.

We did not let out that we were Americans till after we 'd agreed on the terms. When Mrs. M. found out we were from America she could n't credit her ears, "Now are you, now?" And when we had returned from supper to our lodgings she met us at the stairway and asked with sober curiosity, "Now, are you truly Americans?" I told her I was a full-blooded Boston boy, from a State that had been foremost in licking John Bull. Mrs. M. and Miss M., I fancy, are good people, but they are fearfully slow. Now, as to the lodgings. We are right round the corner from Russell Square. If I 'm not mistaken R. S. is where Thackeray lodges the Sedleys in his "Vanity Fair." It is very central, — occupying (geographically) about the same place as Mt. Vernon St. does in Boston. Our rooms are not very elegant, — one window, and a ceiling that would give father a fit. Our one bed is built on the pudding-dish style, and Frank and I have to forego the bolster so as to place it fore-and-aft in the bed to keep us from rolling together. Breakfast is served in our rooms and we eat in our pajahmas. We make it sumptuous by buying cream and strawberries the night before. Strawberries are delicious here, and we buy them for 6*d.* a lb.! Our lunches and dinners we get wherever we happen to be at meal hours. London abounds in good chop-houses, and we can get the finest rump-

steak dinner with vegetables and ices for one-and-six (one shilling and six pence, equal to thirty-five cents). We very seldom have any napkins, and we always have to pay for butter as well as bread. The English money I am slowly getting through my head. There's a florin (two shillings) and a half-crown (two and a half shillings), that look very much alike, and I am continually getting them mixed. Then there's a crown, about as large as a silver dollar, the gold half-sovereign, and the sovereign. When sovereign is used in the plural the name changes to pound. No one here ever speaks of one pound, — it is always a sovereign. The penny is a great awkward thing that I always hasten to get rid of on omnibuses and tips.

I do not know where to begin to tell you about London. I am quite carried away with it, and I think largely because it is so like Boston. I fancied it would be a whirling, rushing place like New York, but there is absolutely none of that hurried and break-neck pace. Londoners do not seem to hurry; the men mostly wear silk hats and walk and ride leisurely, as though the world was working for them. The London streets are twisting and crooked, and there are multitudes of by-lanes and courts, and places such as there are in Boston. Just as in Boston, things have a substantial, settled air; every-

thing has the ages under it or back of it. The city has grown slowly and steadily from an aristocratic past, and every nook and corner of the heart of the city has its historic associations. Certainly Boston is our American London. But London does not take up with all the new ideas of the year. The Londoner prefers the omnibus to the electric car; and so you see thousands of omnibuses of all colors plying here and there all over the city. There is room for fourteen on top and twelve inside, and no one is allowed to stand; hence the ethics of giving up one's seat is not known in London. If you give up your seat you simply have to step off the omnibus (although I have seen a man or two on the step). The omnibuses are frightfully covered with signs all over, and they are lurid, glaring ones, — soap advertisements of varied hues, leaving hardly room for the legitimate street signs. It 's a very queer and interesting sight to sit on the top of one of these 'busses and look at the passing pyrotechnic displays. They come along one after another, — always keeping to the left and always moving at a slow trot. I have not seen a fast moving vehicle (except an occasional hansom) since I 've been here. Another strange thing, — every one is polite; the conductor regularly thanks you every time when you give him the fare. It is not that servile politeness that expects a fee,

but a politeness that custom has made natural. It is a pleasure to go shopping; you are always treated like a gentleman, from the greengrocer's boy up. The London police are dressed like ours, but they have a more military carriage, and are far more intelligent. Everybody seems willing to give information, and we ask for enough of it. All this that I have written is very prosaic, I know, and I will hurry on to our walks in London. Sunday the 10th was our first morning in London, and we struck for St. Paul's Cathedral, — a most imposing pile, built in the reign of Queen Anne by Sir Christopher Wren. I shall not describe it, nor indeed any of the big buildings I have seen, for it would be dull reading without the pictures. The singing was good, but the sermon very prosy and poor. Neither Frank nor I could get into a worshipful attitude. There did not seem to be the cordiality of worship in that cathedral. I was disappointed, for I expected to be impressed. The service was mechanically droned out, and there was a monotony about it all that really tired me. On coming out, however, I saw the tomb of General Gordon, and that *was* inspiring. The sarcophagus is capped by the recumbent figure of Gordon, — exquisitely moulded and cast in bronze; the whole is dignified, restful, and immensely impressive. London must have wor-

shipped Gordon. There are ivy wreaths on his tomb, and a statue in the finest of London squares — Trafalgar. St. Paul's is full of the most interesting monuments, and ones that father would understand about and enjoy. I have wished him with me many a time. In the afternoon we went to Westminster, and I was fortunate in getting the last empty seat in all that great cathedral. Canon Farrar preached, and the sermon was good, — Farrar's sermons are always finely written, — and he preached it for nearly all it was worth. I had heard him once before, when he came to Cambridge. Again I was disappointed in not being raised out of myself. The Cathedral itself of course awes one; the service does not. Evening, however, had better things in store for us. We went out to Hampstead and found a snug little Unitarian Church down an aristocratic little lane, called Pilgrim's Lane. We were a little late for the opening hymn, but came in just as a well-known voice was delivering the first real, heartfelt prayer we had heard that day; perhaps the other prayers had been as real as this, but it did not seem so to us; and then after the choir had sung the Lord's Prayer, — just as they did at Arlington Street, — we went in and saw Brooke Herford again and listened to a good, helpful, wholesome sermon. After service we went up to speak to him, and as usual he

did not know either of us. As I am used to introducing myself to him I did it for the tenth time, but this time different than before, by pulling out Miss P.'s present and asking him if he knew the writing. He knew that, any way, and then he guessed who I was. We had a good hand-shake, and then we left. He has quite a congregation there. This evening service brought out about three hundred. The church will probably be too small soon; for it is more of a chapel than a church, — no gallery, only floor space, and little of that.

When I went to the theatre, Monday night, I got talking with a man beside me who hailed from Bristol, and showed me photographs of all his family (eleven children). On learning I was from Boston he asked me about Stopford Brooke, and the talk drifted on to Herford. He was a Congregationalist, but he had happened to Hampstead a few Sundays back, and had heard Mr. Herford conduct a Bible class, — Joseph in Egypt, etc., — and he was quite carried away with him. He was fifty-eight years old, the stranger, not Joseph, and had lived in Sunday-schools, but had never heard so interesting a talker as Herford.

On coming home from Hampstead Sunday evening we came across several groups of Salvation-army preachers. We stopped to hear one of them. They

are (if I can judge from one example) a little different from ours. There is less red cloth and bass drum. The custom here is to carry about a little reed organ, which a young girl generally plays. The speaker was a more quiet kind, and his language was not so much fiery as persuasive. They sang out of hymn-books and had very decent and orderly meetings. However, this is but one instance.

Monday afternoon we took a walk in St. James Park and on Pall Mall — famous in Thackeray's stories. Pall Mall is not a mall at all, but a great club street, very fashionable. Sunday we had our first glimpse of Ludgate Hill, Fleet St., the Strand, and Whitehall, — all one long street running from St. Paul's with a curve or two west to Westminster and the Parliament Houses. On the other side of St. Paul's and running east are the famous Cheapside, Cornhill, and Threadneedle and Lombard streets; all of which we know by heart now. I am getting quite a reputation with Frank for knowing my way around. Somehow with the help of my map I have "got the hang" of the city fairly well in three days. Monday night we attended the Lyceum Theatre and heard Irving and Terry in Henry VIII. It was perfectly superb, — equalled only (in my experience) by their Merchant of Venice, which I saw them play in Boston. Irving as usual was far inferior to Terry, but

the whole play was set with minute care and accuracy, and the fête scene in Wolsey's palace was rich. The London theatre still preserves the "pit." The pit is always 2*s.* 6*d.*, and it occupies what we call the orchestra circle, only it has no side seats. The women in the orchestra stalls and the boxes dress a good deal, and father could count a good many V's among them. In some of the theatres they charge 2*d.* for program, which is a little worse than charging for butter.

Tuesday morning we went all over the Tower of London, that is, over all that is open to the public. The bloody tower we could only see from the outside (the tower where the two princes were smothered). We saw the crown jewels in the Wakefield tower. I had supposed that the Kohinoor was kept here, but it is simply a model. Most of the gold vessels date from Charles II. (the regalia of earlier times being melted up during the Commonwealth). The white tower contains a "chronological" set of armor and weapons. The walls are quaintly festooned with sunflowers, passion-flowers, and daisies, made out of ramrods, swords, and bayonets. In the Beauchamp tower we saw the inscriptions left on the walls by the prisoners of State, and the rude scratches were most impressive. These old walls and dungeon-rooms feed one's imagination, if he has any, and

send a thrill all over one. It was with a singular feeling that I stood on the little paved square just outside the white tower, but within the tower yard, and read on the brass plate, "Here the Queen Anne Boleyn was beheaded." Many another was beheaded here, and more just a few rods outside the tower. borders on Tower hill. A railing now surrounds the latter, and close to the gibbet site — a paved square similar to that within the tower yard — is a tennis court, a suggestive contrast of tumult and peace, care and carelessness, sorrow and joy. In the afternoon we struck out for Whitechapel — the East End of London, — outcast London. The first place we visited was the People's Palace, a big structure with a hall for concerts, thrown open at a nominal fee to the neighborhood. Connected with the palace are a gymnasium and all kinds of classes, from manual training to the higher branches of practical study. There are regular instructors in carpentry, engineering, electricity, bookkeeping, short-hand, type-writing, cooking, etc. A nominal fee is charged. The idea is to give the sons and daughters of poor mechanics a fair start. The palace does not pretend to cater to the lowest classes but to the intelligent poor. The whole affair is supported by the Drapers' Association, — a guild of dry-goods men, I suppose, — and certainly this is a noble way to use their surplus.

From the palace we went to St. Jude's Church on Commercial St., which has been one of the great centres of social improvement work under the saintly care of Reverend Barnet. Toynbee Hall is right side of it, — a well-fitted-up house where Cambridge and Oxford students go to get in touch with East End work. The house is intended for social purposes. The poor are invited in to tea and to play games and listen to musicales and concerts, and to hear University extension lectures. How successful this has been I do not know. We have pamphlets on the house, and Professor Peabody two years ago was never weary talking about it. I should judge that the house is fitted up a little too swell for the poor people to take their ease in. One of the students pointed out to us on the map the worst district in London, and we walked all through it. We were surprised to see how fairly clean things were. We have streets and streets in Boston and New York that look poorer. I do not mean that our people are more poorly off, but their dwellings look more slack. You see, all the houses in London are of brick or stone, and this gives even to the most crowded parts of the city a substantial appearance. There is no such thing as a frame tenement. Doubtless *inside* these houses are very filthy, just as the inside of No. 4 Bernard St. cannot compare with the neat exterior.

This morning (Wed.) we took a stroll across the famous London bridge, the greatest thoroughfare, I suppose, in the city. Then we recrossed at Westminster bridge and took a guide through Westminster Abbey. It was a most interesting walk, especially through the chapels that surround the apse. The most superb chapel was of course the celebrated one of Henry VII. Here Henry VII., his wife, and James I. are buried in the central tomb. This is surrounded by a wrought-iron grating, and is considered the finest monument in England. The chapel is the most perfect of the Tudor style, with stone carved ceiling, in existence. I was surprised to hear that George II. was the last king to be buried at Westminster; all the kings and queens after him have been laid in Windsor. Henry V.'s tomb contains on top a headless effigy. The head was of solid silver; but in Henry VIII.'s time, when the monasteries were despoiled, this head was stolen, and also many of the relics and mosaics from the shrine of Edward the Confessor. The abbey is a whole encyclopædia of historic information, and one could write all day about it. Longfellow has a place in the Poets' Corner, and Lowell is to have one, I believe. In the afternoon we took a walk westward through St. James's Park to Buckingham Palace, — the winter residence of the queen, then through

Green Park and Hyde Park (the fashionable drive), then to Kensington Gardens, where Victoria has put up a most elaborate memorial to Albert her husband, which is in unpleasant contrast to the simple statues of greater men. Then we found Kensington Palace, a very old pile built of brick largely, the home of the Countess of Teck (Princess Mary). Walking further west we got to the famous Holland House, but were not allowed to go into the grounds. As we wanted to see the swell residences in South Kensington we took a cab for an hour and drove in and around everywhere, and there was a very strong impression made on our minds of the contrast between East and West London. The houses we saw were fine, but not superior to what we have up Chestnut Hill way, — Beaconsfield terrace, for instance; but as there were streets on streets of just such fine blocks, the sight is a fine one. Driving home on a 'bus we came through the renowned Piccadilly, a London Beacon St., nearly a mile long and thronged with silk hats.

Trafalgar Square is an imposing one. It is in Charing Cross. On the north is the National Gallery of Arts, and in front a superb Corinthian column one hundred and fifty feet high, crowned with a statue of Nelson. Nelson and Wellington are the favorite subjects for London sculptors. I have

counted at least four statues of the great duke, — one on a great pillar something like, but inferior to, the Nelson monument; one in Hyde Park, representing Achilles, and dedicated to the Duke, made out of cannon taken at Salamanca, Waterloo, etc., and two equestrian statues. In Trafalgar Square is also a statue of General Gordon, who was killed, you know, at Khartoum. In fact London is packed thick with statues, and most of them are of military heroes.

Dickens' London is slowly getting wiped out. There are a few streets around Holborn that are historic; but London goes through much the same changes that any large city does, always, however, preserving its air of good old age. The names of the streets are very fascinating. I have hardly met a prosaic one. All have had a history, — Aldgate is old gate, Cheapside, market-road, etc. Queensgate, Whitehall, Holborn, Tottenham Court Road, Piccadilly, Pall Mall, Cheapside, Cornhill, Minories, and Kensington Road have a quaint historic smack. Well, I 'll break off here, for you must be weary. This is not like the usual London letter, but I thought you 'd care more for these every-day items than for descriptions of things that cannot be described. We have seen only a bit of London so far, and have yet to see the Temple, British Museum, Regent's Park, Royal

Academy, and National Museum of Art; but for three days we have seen a good deal and have a very fair idea of the city.

We leave for Paris to-morrow or Saturday *via* Newhaven and Dieppe, and up through Normandy, stopping over at Rouen, perhaps.

PARIS, July 18, 1892.

MY DEAR H., — The last letter I wrote found me just starting for this fascinating city. We thought we would try third class on the cars, and second on the steamer. The third on English soil is very good; but the Continental third is a different thing. The seats are of hard wood, and the backs perfectly straight. If you took the cushions out of the pews in King's Chapel, you would get an idea of a third-class compartment. The channel passage, which lasted about five hours, was very smooth, and I managed to steal a little sleep. The electric lights were on full force, and many of the passengers sat up all night reading. We arrived at Dieppe about three in the morning, and had our first experience in talking (or mangling) French. Occasionally we were understood. On the way to Paris we dropped off for two trains at Rouen, and I am very glad we did. Rouen is one of the most attractive and provincial cities I have ever seen; everything about it is

quaint. The newest styles there are old-fashioned, and the streets are narrow and framed with rows on rows of high-gable roofs. We strolled through the outskirts of the city, and there struck a peasant who showed us round. I asked him to show us the place where Joan of Arc was burned, and he took us down to the market-place, — as quaint a nook as I ever expect to see on this earth. It was just the market-place you read of in novels, — a broad open circle in the busiest part of the city. Here all the people come together to barter, and they bring their pitchers here, too, to be filled at the fountain. At Rouen the fountain commemorates the burning of Joan, and her statue surmounts it. It was beautifully decorated, the 14th of July having just passed. I took a kodak of it, and I do hope it will come out well. Our guide showed us the tower where Joan was confined. Rouen made the Lorraine maiden very real to us. Next we went to the magnificent cathedral, the finest one we have yet seen, more imposing than either Westminster or St. Paul's or Notre Dame. It was early Mass, and we passed little knots of worshippers scattered about the nave and transept. This voluntary church-going on a week-day and at an early hour made the vast cathedral seem more like a house of prayer than does Westminster or St. Paul's. We saw here the tomb where the heart of Richard I. is

buried (though I am disposed to doubt it), also the burial-place of Richard's brother. Then we paid a couple of francs and went up the high central steeple that rises far up beyond the façade towers. I do not know how high it was, but there were 834 steps. The city lay at our feet like a large map, and the Seine ran across it like a silver ribbon. The country runs off flat for miles and miles to the horizon, so that the plan of our map was a perfect circle. Coming down from the cathedral tower, we went to the open square of the Hôtel de Ville, and saw a rather poor statue of Napoleon on horseback, and on the way back to the depot a very striking fountain. We were about three hours in Rouen, but we saw a great deal in that time. From Rouen to Paris we passed through a very pretty country, with characteristic cottages, high-gabled, with thatched roofs, and wooden frames plastered. The women seemed to be doing as much work in the fields as the men. You do not see in North France great plains of wheat or corn. The French plant in small squares, and often the wide champaign looks like a checker-board, with the different colored grain-tops.

We got into Paris about noon Saturday, and took a cab straight for the Prince Albert Hotel, recommended by Mr. C., where we got a fine front room and two beds, for five francs a day. Just as in Lon-

don, we have to use candles, only we pay extra for lights in Paris. We lost no time after getting our luggage landed, but went out, and the first thing we saw was the column Vendôme, raised to celebrate Napoleon's victories in 1805, made out of captured cannon. Everywhere in Paris you could see the tricolor flying, thousands of them (14th of July, fall of the Bastille). We then walked through the gardens of the Tuileries, where the celebrated palace used to be, and from there to the Louvre, — the beautiful art museum of Paris, corresponding to the British Museum in London. We were pretty well tired by evening, and went to bed early. Sunday we went straight to Notre Dame ten o'clock Mass. The organ was filling the great church with fine music as we came in, and for the first time I was thoroughly impressed with the religious mystery of a Catholic service. The service outside of the music, however, did not appeal to me. Notre Dame, with its twin massive stone towers and beautiful rose window and its flying buttresses, is a fine pile. It is situated on an island of the Seine, approached by several bridges. Sunday in Paris is like any other day. The shops are mostly open, and all the public buildings except those of the Government. It seems queer to see people trying on shoes on Sunday, or to walk through the arcades of the Palais Royal and be be-

set by dealers who want you to buy out their stock-in-trade of cheap jewelry. The art galleries are thronged Sundays; they are closed on Mondays, that being the usual day for cleaning the public galleries. After service at Notre Dame we went to the Louvre, and saw that wonderful statue the Venus de Milo. It is placed at the end of a long gallery of statues, and is set off by a dark-red curtain. It is certainly a wonderfully noble work, and is beautiful even in its wrecked condition. The Venus is far more satisfactory than the figures on the Tympanum of the Parthenon (the Elgin marbles), which we saw in London; for in the case of the latter most of the heads were gone, while the head of Milo is almost perfect. For lunch we went to the Palais Royal, — a palace that has seen better days. Owing to his being hard up one of its princely proprietors some few years ago let out the ground-floor arcades to shopmen, and it is filled with venders of cheap jewelry. The open court within is very beautiful with fountains and shrubbery. It used to be a fashionable lounging-place. We ate our lunch out-doors at one of the many little tables that are set out in front of Paris restaurants. It was a charming way to take lunch, and we took our leisure just as a native Parisian would. After lunch we took a 'bus and rode through the Place de la Concorde, — the place

where Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette were beheaded, with two thousand others. This is a beautiful square. A large Egyptian obelisk stands in the middle, and all around the border are statues of the large cities of France, — allegorical figures. There are eight in all, if I can recall them, — Strasbourg, Rouen, Lille, Brest, Marseilles, Lyons, Nantes, and Bordeaux. The interesting thing is that the Strasbourg monument is completely smothered with flowers and wreaths and crape. It is a very significant mirror of the French spirit. Ever since Alsace and Lorraine were lost to the French in 1871, France has burned to get these provinces back. They keep the Strasbourg monument draped in black always, I think, and on such a *fête* day as the "14th Juillet" they load it down with decorations. From the Place de la Concorde we went straight up through the Champs Élysées — a park not half so beautiful as our Public Gardens — to the great Arc de Triomph, the largest in the world, erected in honor of Napoleon's victories. It is called the arch of the "star," since so many avenues branch from it. At the other end of the avenue near the Louvre is a smaller and older arch, copied from that of Severus at Rome. This walk from the Arc de Triomph to the Louvre is about a mile and a half long, and is the grandest thing I ever saw.

After climbing the Arc de Triomph we thirsted for a higher climb, and so set off for the Eiffel Tower. It took us over two hours to get up to the top landing, there were so many ahead of us. They take you up in an elevator direct to the second platform, — 376 feet; then you take an elevator halfway to the third; then change for the last half, — 863 feet, 122 feet from actual summit. It cost us two francs each, — half-price since it was Sunday. The horizon was fast closing in with clouds, and we did not really have so fine a view as we had had on lower heights. The height, however, was tremendous, — over three hundred feet more than our own Washington Monument, the second highest in the world. On the top of the Eiffel are a number of booths where they sell souvenirs and photographs. There is a gallery there, and you can have your picture taken up in the clouds if you like. Another place we visited in the afternoon was the Place de la Bastille. The Bastille of course is completely wiped out; but on the original site you can see the ground-plan traced on the pavement (just as the spot where the Boston massacre occurred is marked on State Street). Climbing the Bastille Column, which stands in the centre of the square, we could see this ground-plan very plainly.

It is great fun to go through the gardens of the

Tuileries and see the knots of women who come there for the afternoon to rest and gossip. They charge two cents for a chair in the garden, as we found to our surprise on sitting down one afternoon. Here you see all the world passing by you; and one of the most curious sights is to see the French soldiers. They are very gaudily dressed, — white epaulets, blue coat, flaming red trousers cut wide at the hips and tapering down to the white gaiters worn over black boots. I saw one looking at the Strasbourg monument yesterday, and as he gazed he straightened himself up enough to freeze any possible German that might be passing.

Monday morning, as all the art galleries were closed, we took a 'bus and rode the length of the principal boulevard, — a boulevard that goes by several names, but perhaps the best known of them is the Boulevard Capuchins. This is the street where the Opera House stands, and the celebrated Café de Paix, where Dumas, Sardou, Meissonier, etc. dine. We then went across the Seine, and prowled along among the open book-stalls that for quite a distance line the left bank of the Seine. These book-stalls are simply square boxes set in a row on top of the stone wall. Next we strolled down to the Luxembourg Palace in the Latin quarter, — a large building built by Marie de Médicis (the art gallery was

closed), and sauntered through its beautiful gardens. This garden was a bit too conventional, however. The trees were cut very queerly, so that as you looked through the long arches the open sky at the end was like a curtained window, the branches not quite meeting overhead. Later in the afternoon we took a 'bus to the Bourse (the Parisian Stock Exchange), and saw what a row excitable Frenchmen can kick up; the whole thing was a regular pandemonium, and I do not see how any business could be done with such an uproar, — whistling, yelling, pushing, hooting, laughing, and sweating. It was a sight I would not have missed, but I was glad to get out into the comparatively quiet streets. The rest of the afternoon we strolled about the Place de la Concorde till supper time, and then we made for the opera, having bought two seats. The opera was "Henry VIII.," followed by the ballet of "Sylvia." I cannot describe either the opera or the Opera House. I never in my life saw such marvellous dancing; while the Opera House simply defies description. To begin with, it is the largest theatre in the world, and nearly every country in the world has contributed to its building. From four to five hundred houses had to come down to make room for the Opera House to get up, and this land alone cost over two millions, while the building cost one million and a half.

The opera lasted from eight till twelve. The waits were very long; and the front half of the orchestra, where only men are allowed to sit, is entirely deserted during the waits. Many of the ladies go out and promenade in the balconies of the *foyer*. The signal for the next act is a very crude one: they knock on the floor of the stage (evidently from the noise, behind the curtain), and in pour all the dress-suits, and the orchestra is filled up in a twinkling. After the opera we had our ice in the Parisian style, and were then quite ready for bed.

Tuesday morning we visited the Louvre, and saw the celebrated pictures, notably the "Immaculate Conception," by Murillo, to me the most beautiful picture in the whole gallery; also the "Mona Lisa" of Da Vinci, which I cannot like. We saw, too, the "Erasmus" of Holbein, Raphael's "Holy Family" of Francis I., Titian's "Entombment of Christ," and miles of Rubens' pictures, mostly in honor of Marie de Médicis. We were all tired out by noontime looking at these treasures of art (I saw Millet's "Gleaners," too); but I crawled back to the Salon Carrée to get a last look at Murillo's "Immaculate Conception." All through the Louvre you find men and women (mostly women) copying the great masters; but you seldom see very promising copies. In the afternoon we went to the Hôtel

des Invalides and saw Napoleon's tomb (we have an excellent photograph of it). The tomb is situated below the spectator, directly under a huge dome that rises far above one's head. The dome, which constitutes the building, was built on purpose for the burial-place of Napoleon, I suppose. The inscription on the door leading to the rotunda is, "I desire that my ashes may rest on the banks of the Seine in the midst of the French people whom I have loved so well."

Around the tomb, in mosaic on the pavement, are the names of eight of Napoleon's victories, — Marengo, Austerlitz, Jena, Friedland, Wagram, Moscowa, Rivoli, and Pyramids. Several stands of captured battle-flags, dingy and torn with shot, surround the tomb.

In a chapel to the left is the tomb of Jerome Bonaparte; while Joseph lies in the chapel on the right as you enter. From the Invalides we took a 'bus to the Madeleine, — a beautiful church built after the fashion of the Parthenon at Athens. The Madeleine is one of the many places in Paris that were the centres of fighting in the time of the Commune. It is surprising how you stumble upon interesting things here. We went into an old church to-day, and found it was the resting-place of Corneille. Every corner shows up a statue of some well-known

person. The French statues are not so substantial and satisfactory as the English. Most of the French work is in stone, and the "allegorical" plays a big part. They have raised a hideous monument to Gambetta right in the Place de Carrousel, and it half spoils the walk. The finest statues I have seen here so far are those of Rousseau, Molière, Diderot, and the statue of France (in the Place de République). There is a very fair one of Marshal Ney leading on his troops, erected on the spot where he was executed.

On the whole, I like London much better than Paris. Of course they are utterly different; but London I feel would wear better. I would rather live in London (if I could not live in America). There seems to be a lot of show in Paris. Everywhere you see the mottoes, "Liberté, Égalité, Fraternité;" but this is a mere synonym for patriotism. This virtue, patriotism, offsets many a vice. It is the French patriotism that raises the Pantheon, the dome for Napoleon, and the many triumphal arches; but it seems to me to be often very shallow. Their "Liberté, Égalité, Fraternité" does not imply the more sober virtues that have built up the English nation. There is little religion in their "fraternité." The spirit of the times is "go," — excitement, fever-heat. On the statues

(14th July) they have such placards as this, "Qui vive? France!" Of course all this *elan* makes the city very fascinating. You are in the midst of a people that enjoy life (that is, the men do). I should think, however, that the cafés would tend to break up the home-life. Men come to the cafés, sit out on the street at the little tables, sip their coffee or their cognac, and sit and sit and sit. The cafés, however, are expensive; and it is as well for us that we leave Paris Wednesday night. We have had some odd experiences. It is very hard for us to read French writing, and even if we could, we never half know what we are ordering. I have eaten more strange messes than I can count, and they are mysteries to this hour. They charge for everything here, including the tablecloth and napkins.

It is time to bring this long letter to a close. Tell C. I am enjoying my mail-bag to the utmost. We are both well, and seeing all we can of foreign life. The stars and stripes look very well among the other flags over here, and we are very glad that we have an America to go back to!

Rome, July 23, 1892.

My dear F., — In my last letter, with its array of stamps, I took you with me as far as the Paris Morgue. This is right back of Notre Dame, by the

river-side. The dead are placed on inclined slabs before a large window, so that all can see them who wish. There was no spray of water, and the corpses lay in the clothes they were found in, — about eight that day, — a grewsome sight. That night (Tuesday) we tried to get into the Buillet, — a dancing hall in Paris frequented by the students of the Latin Quarter. This is a celebrated place, where one can see finished dancing, — not taking part himself, but seated at a table, with ices and coffee, looking on only. Unfortunately the hall was closed, so we came back in the soaking rain defeated.

Wednesday was our last day in Paris, and we spent the larger part of it at Versailles. I know you would enjoy this palace as much as anything in Paris. It was the home of Louis XIII. and XIV. Louis XV. was born and died here; and Louis XVI. was dragged from it in the time of the Revolution. We saw the secret staircase where Marie Antoinette escaped, and the whole suite of the royal chambers. Versailles is full of Napoleon pictures, — frescos on walls and ceilings of room after room. Your Napoleon at Jena is one of a series of great wall paintings. There are also long corridors of statuary, and an extensive museum. But it is the gardens that are the most wonderful. They are laid out it is true in a very conventional style; but the forest

walks are perfect; you come upon them at all angles, intercepting each other like a nave and aisles and transept. The arches in the trees are tall and graceful, — elm-trees with superb lines. Imagine a long walk through such a path! The short arches we very commonly see, but not the tall and slender ones. From the centre of the palace you look out over a boundless extent of garden reaching out over the open to the horizon. From our photograph of Versailles (front view, — the plain façade) one would fancy the palace dark; but it is a light yellow. Scattered all over the grounds are moss-decked statues rapidly going to pieces. Going out to Versailles (a fifty-minute ride) we took a double-decked car, — a queer kind of a vehicle for a railroad; but you can see the country from it finely. At nine o'clock Wednesday night we were in our compartments for Italy. Luckily there were but four of us, all men, and we had a chance to half lie down on the seats. We woke up among the Alps, — not the highest ones, — with here and there a patch of snow in the hollows of a tall peak. It seemed odd to see how the lower sides of the mountains were cultivated, in places where you 'd think the soil would be too thin. The patch of corn or rye or barley was always a small one; and the general aspect of a cultivated mountain-side was that of

a floor of parquetry. We stopped for half an hour at a typical French peasant town — Culoz — nestled under the side of high foot-hills. The streets were like those of our Marblehead, twisted and narrow; and the houses, very miserable affairs, were picturesque, with their high gables, tiled roofs, and rambling ells. The French and Italian tile is the prototype of those on our new Public Library. Some of the houses had the straw roof. The men and women wore wooden shoes with a strap over the instep. About six at night we got to Turin, and put up at the hotel, and after eating supper we hired a cab and drove around Turin till dark. It is a rather uninteresting place. The principal business is catering to the Italian army. Turin must be a great military post. There are cartridge manufactories here, and schools and arsenals and a spacious drill-ground. The streets, which are the cleanest I ever saw, are as straight as those of Philadelphia, but more interesting. We found one striking statue of the Duke of Genoa: his horse struck by a bullet is just falling, and he (the Duke) is shouting his orders and getting loose from his horse at the same time. Victor Emmanuel figures here in the names of squares and streets. In the morning we went out before breakfast to the Champs de Mars, and saw the troops drill, and then started for the depot en route

for Pisa. From Turin to Pisa we passed through some gloriously high and rugged peaks, midway in grandeur between the White Mountain hills and the snow-caps of the Canadian Rockies. The Alps have character; they are something more than piles of rock, for Hannibal and Napoleon and great armies have made them famous; and it is thrilling to think how they have seen glory increase and fade away, while they alone are unchanged. At Genoa, where we stopped for an hour, one of those coincidences of European travel you hear so much about took place. We got out of our compartment to get a little lunch, and on coming back we found a new gentleman and two ladies in our car. To read the end of the book first, we are now all seated round a table in a house in Via de Carrozze writing letters home. We have a jolly little house in the healthiest part of the city. The street is very narrow with high buildings. We have three rooms. The floors are of stone and are quite uneven. The appointments are vicious; but this is universally the case.

I will now return to the main plot of my story. After leaving Genoa we went through about a hundred tunnels to Pisa. These tunnels did not compare with the enormous one falsely called Mt. Cenis. We passed through this latter coming from Modane to Turin. It is seven to eight miles long, took nine

years to build, and takes twenty-seven minutes by train. We arrived in Pisa about half-past four, and, disregarding the guides, made a bee-line for the Cathedral, Baptistery, and leaning tower. The leaning tower was our first venture (all three buildings are together in one enclosure). It was a very odd sensation climbing the tower, though you feel the inclination more coming down, — that is, you find yourself tending alternately to the wall and to the core of the tower. It is not particularly high; but the lean is startling. On top is a circle of bells, the heaviest hanging on the upper side of the inclined floor. While we were getting our focus on the city of Pisa from the tower, we heard a muffled drum-beat and saw the flare of red shirts in the street below, and so we sped down to find ourselves in the midst of a funeral procession. It was the funeral of a Garibaldian soldier. First came a crowd of mourners walking very slowly and soberly, in company with half of Pisa taking up the march on the sides of the street; then a body of Garibaldian veterans; the hearse an open vehicle with rather gaudy trappings. On top of the hearse was a "shingle," evidently showing membership in the society; and on each side, from underneath the coffin and shroud, were long cords that the pall-bearers held in their hands. In front of the hearse

was a band, and behind it two drummers with muffled drums covered with black crape; more veterans, and then a troop of hoodlums. It was very interesting to watch the procession. The funeral march was very slow, and the people just crawled along. Later in the day we saw some of these same sober Garibaldians half seas over. I think I enjoy watching the people of a new country more than looking at buildings. Leaving the procession, we went into the Baptistery—an uninteresting pile—and tried the echoes. I sang the four notes do, mi, sol, do, quite rapidly, and the echo caught them all, blended them into a perfect chord, and rolled it round and round the great dome. The Cathedral, of the same yellowish marble as the others, was fine. Here I saw the chandelier from which Galileo caught the idea of the pendulum; but the loveliest thing about the building was the paintings of Andrea del Sarto. I won't weary you with them, but I shall bring home a photograph of "St. Agnes." We have great times with the guides. I assure you that the beggars are *nothing* compared with the guides. They thrust themselves upon you. They begin to explain without your leave; you have to simply wave your arms and turn away from their smiles and nods and broken English. One guide dodged us all about the leaning tower, and I sent him off so many times that I began

to feel badly about it. There is a terribly mercenary spirit afloat here. It is sickening. The pennies you gave me will remain in the bottom of my bag. Every beggar I see I want to give something to, they are so forlorn, yet the times I have done so I have been sorry. I believe American travellers make beggars. Everything is mercenary here. You can go into any cathedral in the middle of service, and go sight-seeing if you wish. Of course a fee is expected. After looking at the Pisan buildings we took a walk on the right bank of the Arno, and looked up a café. This was not so easy. We did not know any Italian, and we had to depend on French. In Italy French seemed like native language to us. We owed one dinner to our knowledge of French, and a fine dinner it was. In the evening we found a theatre surrounded by a garden, where the play of "Donna Juanita" was going on. We got a fine first gallery seat for a franc; but the play was so uninteresting that we went out after the second act. It was fun, however, to see how the Italians did things. They have a habit of smoking all over the house, where ladies are as well as elsewhere. They are very demonstrative, and hiss and applaud whenever the mood strikes them. A vender goes through the theatre with a basket of hazel-nuts and salted squash-seeds, and everybody eats these during the

play. Between the acts there are long waits, just as in France, and out goes most of the house to stroll in the gardens. After the theatre we took an ice, and then went for the eleven o'clock train, — only three in our compartment. We hired a pillow apiece, and were soon on our backs to wake up in the eternal city, — Rome. What we have done and are doing in Hilda's city I will save for another letter.

FLORENCE, July 28, 1892.

MY DEAR C., — Just as I thought particularly of father when I was in Paris, so I thought of you in walking the streets of Rome. We were in Rome from Saturday morning to Wednesday noon, and I have run on ahead of Frank in order to have at least three whole days in Firenze. In my last letter I told you how our little party of five secured our fourth-story room. Well, as soon as we had had our customary breakfast of coffee and rolls, we took a cab and drove to the Forum and the Colosseum. There is very little left of the Forum, which, by the way, is some fifteen feet below the level of the street. The Arch of Severus is in tolerably fair condition; but only shapeless mounds and broken column bases mark the house of Cæsar and the temples. The Arch of Titus still stands firm, and the temples

of Romulus and Antoninus. The Colosseum was very impressive, though we were disappointed not to see it by moonlight. As I stood in the arena I thought of the "Marble Faun" and "Daisy Miller." Wild-flowers were growing gracefully in places where fearful scenes must have been acted out in the old days. As you know, a large part of the Colosseum is gone, and it is said that half of Rome is built from the great pile. In the afternoon we took another cab and drove out along the famous Appian Way. There is very little of the ancient pavement left, most of it being buried under ground; but once in a while we would come across a patch of great flat stones over which the ancient chariots must have passed. On either side of the road for miles out of the city walls we saw great ruins of tombs, the most famous of which were those of the Scipios, the Horatii, and Seneca. But perhaps the most interesting thing that we did was to go down through the famous catacombs of St. Calixtus. An old Trappist monk guided us. He had been absolved from his vow of silence, and the way he chatted was a caution; he must have been making up for lost time. The catacombs were principally interesting to me from the queer, crude Christian frescos and inscriptions, mostly of Biblical subjects. In several of the niches we could see the bones and skeletons by the light of

our little wax tapers. As fast as our tapers were used up our monk would tear off strips from his, which he kept wound around his staff. The old fellow seemed greatly pleased at my reading the Greek inscriptions, and he showed his two remaining teeth to their widest extent. The old place was dismally damp and disagreeable, and, though very interesting, I was glad to get out "to the upper air" again. We then continued our ride along the Appian Way, getting a fine view of the Roman Campagna, with its ruined aqueduct columns and its desolate temples. In the evening Mr. L., F., and I went to the opera, got fine seats in the pit, and enjoyed "I Puritani." The average Italian audience is not at all slow in showing its likes and dislikes. You hear hisses and hoots mingling with "bis" and "bravo," and through all a wild gesticulation. There did not seem to be any of that eating of squash seeds that we saw at Pisa; but the smoking was terrible. The cast was for the most part stage-struck, and were fearfully awkward. I was rather surprised, for I had expected to see a very vivacious, self-possessed chorus. The opera did not begin till a quarter past nine; and as we lost our way completely in getting out, we did not get to bed till about one. Rome is a very hard place to find your way in, and we were continually getting mixed up in the crooked streets. Sunday morning

we took a train to St. Peter's, and arrived in time to hear a service in one of its many chapels. The building was so huge that several services could be conducted at the same time without interrupting one another. The service was not at all impressive, and the special services at the several altars were to me very mechanical. It was very funny to see how the different persons in the cathedral kissed the toe of Saint Peter. Some would wipe off the toe with their hands or their pocket-handkerchief before touching it with their lips, and some afterwards. I could thoroughly sympathize with the former movement. I wonder what they 'll tackle next after the toe is gone; it 's pretty smooth now. All around the cathedral are little absolution boxes, one for each of the principal languages. Here the priest sits and absolves with his long rod. You cannot get any idea of the vastness of St. Peter's till you climb the great dome. Then look down, and the sight is stupendous. People below look like little ink-spots. But the most marvellous thing is the mosaic work of the dome. It is one vast mosaic composed of small stones. The sun comes down dazzingly hot in front of St. Peter's, and is reflected in its smooth marble façade. Southworth was dizzy with the heat, and we finally had to buy cotton umbrellas, which we carried everywhere with us. In the afternoon

we went to the Church of St. Peter *in vinculo*, where that saint's chains are kept, and where you see the original of Michael Angelo's "Moses." From there we went to the place of your curiosity, — the Church of the Capuchins. We first went through the church; but on trying to go down to the vaults through the transept we found that the monks would not let Miss S. pass; it is against the rules. Hence Miss S. and I had to go outside and around the church to a cellar entrance; and then we were face to face with more skulls and bones than I ever saw in my life before. They were piled up in dadoes, and they frescoed the ceilings; they formed niches in which the more recent bodies just dug up were placed in a praying attitude. On the floors of the several rooms was earth from Jerusalem, and here the latest dead are buried, the earliest being dug up for the new inmate. It seems the Italian government has put a stop to nailing up the exhumed bodies. In all there are now about six thousand skulls. After getting out into the grateful sun and congratulating ourselves that we were not Capuchins, we struck out for a gelati shop (ice cream), and then went to the baths of Caracalla, going by the way of the Lateran and Santa Maria Maggiore. You may be interested to know that the manger is preserved in Santa Maria Maggiore. We did not see it. After going through the

Lateran we found the Scala Santa, — the well-known marble flight of steps taken from Pilate's palace, and up which the pious may go on their knees. The flight is covered with wood, and we saw some eight or nine pilgrims making their way slowly up, counting their beads, etc. Under the wooden planks you could see that the marble was badly worn. This sight was really a very touching one. At the head of the stairs is the special sanctuary of the Bambino; but we could not of course see this. The baths of Caracalla were immense even in their ruins. We could see the remains of the fine mosaic floors, and here and there were suggestions of the rich frieze and glorious statues. It was with such elaborate pleasure-giving indulgences as these, where the rich Romans spent the best part of the day, that Rome finally fell, and these great ruins tell of the gross decay of a sensuous life. We were very glad to get back to our *pension*, and get a dish of Mme. Caterina Taglieri's spaghetti. Mme. C. T. treated us very well. We always had our five courses. Fruit was cheap in Rome. For fifteen cents you can buy a dozen fine peaches and a dozen better plums. Peaches cost on the average one and a half for one cent. One of the pleasantest times in the day was at meals, when we would get about our little round table and discuss the things we had seen, and plan for the next tramp.

Tuesday morning we all started off for the Sistine Chapel. It was early that morning that Mr. L., F., and I climbed up to the tiptop of St. Peter's, — way up into the brazen ball, where the temperature must really have been over two hundred. It would be madness to attempt to describe the wonderful frescos of Michael Angelo in the Sistine. We looked at the ceiling frescos through mirrors, and thus saved breaking our necks looking up. The fresco of Adam receiving from God the breath of life is to my mind the finest of the lot. Then we went to the Raffael Logia, and saw the "Transfiguration" and the "Last Communion of Saint Jerome." But there was a "Magdalene" by Guidacino that affected me more than any of the others. In the afternoon of Monday we took a cab to the Palatine Hill, where the oldest ruins of Rome are, and wandered about the remains of the Flavian house and the temples. In the Flavian palace (Domitian's favorite lounging-place) we saw the little room with the vomiting-sink which the emperor and his friends resorted to after a hearty meal. We saw the place on the Palatine where the temple of Jupiter Stator once stood. It was here that Cicero delivered his thundering orations against Catiline, which every Latin-School boy studies. From the Palatine one has a fine view of the Forum.

Tuesday morning Frank and I went off together to the Capitol, and went up the long incline flanked by the statues of Castor and Pollux. We found the Tarpeian rock, or what is supposed to be it (I have my doubts), and then we wandered about along the Forum waiting for the Capitoline Museum to open. Meanwhile we visited the Mamertine prison, where Jugurtha was confined. It is a dismal affair, — what there is left of it. Here the Catilinian conspirators were strangled, and we saw the hole in the floor down which the condemned were thrust. The monk also took us down the staircase to the room where Saint Peter and Saint Paul were confined. On the way down he showed us a very tolerable intaglio profile in the rock which was caused by the guards striking Peter's head there. Down below in the vault is the pillar at which Peter and Paul were confined; also a spring of water which came into view on the occasion of Peter's baptizing the converted jailers. If I am not mistaken, the best authorities agree that Saint Peter never saw Rome. The Mamertine prison was another place we were glad to get out of. We then went to the Museum and saw Hilda's "Marble Faun," which is not overpoweringly beautiful, and, more important, the "Dying Gaul" (*Gladiator*, falsely called). The Capitoline "Venus" I did not like at all. It is really poor, I think.

Leaving Frank at the Museum, I went to see the famous little temple of Vesta, and then to Hilda's tower. In the afternoon I lay off and read up my "Baedeker on Florence," and got myself familiar with the city. I found that Rome was a very difficult place to trace a path in, — more so than either Paris or London. Towards evening I took a stroll up and down the Corso, — the principal business street of Rome, just as the Tornabuoni is in Florence ("Romola").

Early Wednesday we all five started off to see Guido's "Aurora," which is painted on the walls of the Rospigliosi palace; but as luck would have it, the place was closed, and the porter who had the key was on his vacation. We then went to the Pantheon, where Raphael was buried, also Victor Emmanuel II., and saw its wonderful dome, and from there struck out for the Vatican Museum. Here, of course, we saw hosts of the most beautiful marbles, including the "Apollo Belvedere," the "Laocoön," the "Perseus," and "Mercury." The "Mercury" impressed me as much as any. You ought to see the Swiss Guards that hold the Vatican. They are dressed like harlequins, and it seems as though they must be conscious of the fact that they look like guys. They are dressed in black, scarlet, and yellow. The three colors are all mixed in, in stripes; the legs do

not match, and great, loose ribbons come down from the belt and fall in folds at the knee. We went from the Vatican back to the Sistine Chapel, then to the Pauline Chapel, and back to the *pension* at noon in time to eat lunch and be off on the train for my dear Firenze. I forgot to tell you that we went to the Barberini Palace, where the original of "Beatrice Cenci" is kept, which is truly beautiful, and unlike any reproduction I ever saw. The eyes are wondrously expressive, and full of tears. Here I also saw two fine pictures by Andrea del Sarto, all of whose work I enjoy. We have also seen the statue of Pompey which once stood in the Senate House, — the famous one.

> "Even at the base of Pompey's statua,
> Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell."

It is a superb thing, majestic and grave. It is now in the Spada palace.

I have given you a dim idea of what we have been doing with ourselves at Rome. On the whole, Rome did not so very much exceed my expectations. I had hoped to find it little less of a stone-heap than it is. It has n't the quaint streets that Florence has; it is rather very old, and very new. But I 'll speak about Florence later. I did not have time to take a walk on the Pincian Hill (the Pall Mall of Rome), nor to visit the Borghese gar-

dens the Corsini gallery, or St. Paul's without the walls. Considering, however, that I was in the city about four and a half days, I went about pretty widely, and got a fair knowledge of the ground.

VENICE, July 31, 1892.

MY DEAR F., — Florence is now a memory, and a very beautiful one. I will give you a bit of an idea of our life there during three very short and very hot days, — Thursday, Friday, and Saturday. We happened to strike a fine *pension* right near the station and within three minutes of the Duomo (the great Cathedral Santa Maria del Fiore, where Savonarola preached). We had splendid rooms here with marble floors, very high studding, the usual assortment of mirrors, and a larger one of mosquitoes. The fare was excellent with some nice Italian messes that we ate without inquiry. But was n't it hot in Florence! Our umbrellas were always with us to save us from sunstroke, and every little while Mr. L. would remark that he really must have a *gelati*. In the course of some of my rambles I found out a fine gelati place, with music thrown in, and we tinkled our teaspoons many a time in sunny Florence. The first morning I got up very early and took a stroll before breakfast. Of course the first thing I started for was the Ponte Vecchio, — that old bridge you see

so many pictures of, and which is mentioned so many times in "Romola." It is a most picturesque pile with its three central open arches, and then its hubbly rows of little houses projecting over the water on either side. This bridge has been held by the goldsmiths since the fourteenth century, and as I came along in the early morning the shopkeepers were lifting off their crude, heavy shutters, and putting their jewelry to rights. It is a great thoroughfare, for the bridge is really the connecting link between the two great picture galleries, — the Pitti and the Uffizi.

The "horses" are largely donkeys here, and it is very odd to see a big load pulled along by a little bit of an ass. Sometimes the drivers tie the bundles of feed on to the shaft where the donkey can pull at it and munch as he plods along. Sometimes the hay is carried on the tops of the wagons. Passing over the Ponte Vecchio I ran plump into the Via de Bardi where Romola lived, and a little farther on came across Machiavelli's house. After breakfast I urged Mr. L. and the S.'s (Frank was still in Rome) to come with me to San Marco and see the most interesting thing in Florence (leaving the Pitti and Uffizi till we five were together). This monastery had been the one thing I had been longing to see, and it fully came up to my expectations.

First we went to the Church of San Marco, where Savonarola preached so many times, and saw there the tombs of Pico de Mirandola and Politian ("Romola"), and then to the cloisters themselves, where the great preacher had his first audiences, and where Lorenzo de Medici used to come to hear him, and hear himself berated. The cloisters are beautiful, and the historical associations made them thrilling to me. I saw there the really touching frescos of Fra Angelico, — a great deal of crude drawing in the figures, but marvellous spiritual depth and loveliness in the faces. Then we went upstairs and visited the cells, each with its stone floor and little iron wicket and its one fresco. Savonarola's cell had three frescos by Bartolommeo. It was fine to feel yourself really in the room where this most wonderful maker of Florence used to make up his most thrilling sermons, — to see his Bible and the delicate foot and margin notes, his crucifix, and his old desk. I could hardly tear myself away from the place. There was the first library of Italy, nourished by S., and we walked through rows and rows of fine illuminated missals. Right across the way from San Marco is the Academy of Arts, and we stopped in for a moment to see the great statue of "David," by Michael Angelo. The heat was so tremendous in Florence that we had to take rests in the middle of the day after lunch

in order to be in trim for the afternoon and evening. Our rooms were more quiet than those in Rome, and we could take naps fairly easily. I should have slept well into the afternoon the first day if Miss S. had not roused me up with the suggestion of a drive to the Boboli gardens. I told her I would go if she would go to the Church of San Lorenzo first. Here is where the homeless cats of Florence are fed every day at noon, something the way the pigeons have a free lunch at St. Mark's, in Venice. We did n't go to see the cats, however, but the new sacristy by Michael Angelo, where his statues of Night and Day (decorating the tomb of Inhaù, one of the everlasting Medici family) are. There are some stunning statues here, — some of them unfinished, and the more interesting on that account. You cannot help wondering how Michael Angelo did so much. San Lorenzo really amounts to being the big tomb of the Medici family. The Boboli gardens did not amount to much. They spoil their parks here by laying them out so conventionally. The good thing about the Boboli gardens was that they were up so high that we got a fine view of Florence; but a much better view was in store for me. What I enjoyed the most in Florence (after San Marco) was to go out in the evening, just as I had done in Paris, and watch the people. Down in the Piazza Signoria, the great central square

of the city, you would see crowds of people and all sorts of venders of drinks and tarts. Outside the cafés at little tables men and women were sipping their cognac, or tinkling the gelati spoon. As I was lounging on the steps of the Uffizi, looking up at the great tower of the Palazza Vecchio one evening, I could not help thinking of a scene in this same square nearly four hundred years ago; for Savonarola went out from the Palazza Vecchio to the stake, and he was burned right at the corner of the palace, where a very ugly fountain now plays. There is no mark there, — no tablet. The Florentines seemed to wish to have the dreary event forgotten, and they have tried to wash out the blood in water. If you go inside the palace, however, you can find a perfectly magnificent statue of Savonarola, by Passaglia, done in white marble. It is simply awe-inspiring, and together with Dante's statue in the square of Santa Croce, the finest in Florence.

When our little family got all together again we set out for the Pitti gallery of pictures. It was elegant. No use, I admire Murillo and Andrea del Sarto far more than the Raphaels and the Da Vincis. I shall not write anything about the picture galleries, except that to me the Pitti was far more interesting than the Uffizi, though the latter contains the "Venus de Medici," "The Wrestlers," and "Niobe." Though

the two palaces are quite far apart on different sides of the Arno, there is a covered way connecting the two, part of which runs over the Ponte Vecchio, and this covered way is lined with pictures.

It seems to me that the sights of Florence are more expensive to visit than those of Rome. You are charged for everything. The shops, however, sell their wares quite cheap; we would often spend an hour or so looking in the windows, visiting antiquarian shops and such like. The market on Fridays is a lively scene. There is an open, covered quadrangle in the crowded part of the city, and here you find all kinds of tradesmen with their baskets yelling their wares, and a stir and bustle that is delicious. I tried to snap some of the more interesting groups with my kodak. Friday afternoon we went on a jolly cruise outside the gates to the majolica pottery works, and saw the whole process from beginning to end. The vases and placques, etc., are all painted by hand, and some of them are very striking. I wished that I could get some home, for they were very cheap and very pretty. I believe that it is Ross Turner who says that next to the Pitti gallery the majolica pottery works are the most interesting thing in Florence. One other time we went outside the walls, and that was to see Theodore Parker's grave in the little Protestant cemetery. We found

here, too, the graves of Elizabeth B. Browning, Arthur H. Clough, and Walter Savage Landor. Parker's stone is a very plain one with a medallion in relief, portrait profile, and the words, —

THEODORE PARKER,
THE GREAT AMERICAN PREACHER.
Born at Lexington, . . .
Died at Florence.

"His name is engraved in stone, but his virtues are engraved in the hearts of those whom he helped to free from slavery and superstition."

This simple tribute meant more to me than all the elaborate sarcophagi of the tyrannical Medicis and the designing popes, and the hundreds of military monuments. Parker's plain stone marked the resting-place of a true man, and the instinct was prompt to take off your hat when you saw the spot.

But it is the famous old church of the Franciscans, — Santa Croce, — which is the Pantheon of Florence. Here Michael Angelo is buried under a colossal monument, and the less worthy Machiavelli. Here the Countess of Albany built a magnificent tomb for Alfieri, and here, too, is a most impressive monument to Dante (though Dante, an exile from his native city, is buried at Ravenna). I confess I was surprised at the recognition of Machiavelli; he was a

genius in his way, but his unscrupulous ideas have always associated him in my mind with men of whom a nation is not proud.

I really believe there were more beggars in Florence than in Rome. They hang round the churches and sit at the doors and beg. I have found it best to steel myself against them. It seems queer to see people moving round in a church during service. The priests do not seem to mind, provided visitors are quiet and orderly. Somehow I always feel as though I were a Vandal, as I trip round looking at the altar pieces, while the priests are uttering their monotonous chants, and the worshippers bending over their beads.

To get a bird's-eye view of Florence we climbed that wonderful dome of the Santa Maria del Fiore (Duomo). I was the only one of the party to make the complete ascent through the brazen ball to the cross; there was a scuttle in the ball, through which you could reach out and touch the cross. The temperature was not so frightfully high as in the ball of St. Peter's dome. We had a superb view of the city, with its amphitheatre of mountains and acres of tiled roofs. Off to the northeast lay Fiesole, a quite noted little town, and one that frequently heard Savonarola.

We hated to leave Florence and our charming

pension, but Saturday night saw us off on the nine o'clock train. It was an awful ride. I remember a certain hot disagreeable ride I once took from Pittsburg to Chicago after H.'s wedding, but this Italian nightmare beats it. It was so hot that we did not dare shut the windows, and the smoke poured in so that I felt all choked up. Opposite me was a good-natured Frenchman who seemed to understand my bad French, and we gave the Italian railroads a dressing-down. Of course I did not sleep a wink, nor Frank, either.

Oh, Venice is glorious! London was great; Paris brilliant; Rome awe-full; Florence fascinating; but Venice is superb. It is alone of its kind, — the most restful place and yet the most gorgeous, with splendid nights, wide wet streets, and swift-stealing, graceful gondolas, music in the great square of St. Mark's, and lanterns and singing on the water. I 'll write you about it all.

Bellagio, Lake Como, Aug. 4, 1892.

My dear C. — My last letter home brought us to Venice, — one of the most fascinating cities in the world, I really believe. On arriving we went straight to the Casa Kirsch, which fronts right on the grand canal and the lagoon. We were pretty well tired out with our wearisome journey, but were so braced up

by breakfast that we went out to St. Mark's Church and heard morning service. The church is very gaudily frescoed, — all mosaic with gold background. They have been at work on the interior for the past ten years, and this is the first year the whole of the frescos have been uncovered. The outside of the church is as many-colored as the inside, and with its swelling rounded domes reminds you of pictures of Eastern churches. Indeed, the whole of Venice is Eastern, probably due to its wide commerce with the East in the fifteenth century. After church we went through the ducal palace and the underground dungeons of the prison. They were repairing the Bridge of Sighs, so that we could not get across. In the grand council-room we saw Tintoretti's "Paradise," the largest oil-painting in the world, covering the whole side of the room. As a whole I did not admire the ducal palace interior; it was too rich. The exterior is beautiful; for the marbles are so wondrously tinted, and the tints are mellow with age. I found the colors of the stones and the marbles and the decayed brick-work the real secret of the beauty of Venice. It seemed like a dream to see the gondolas stealing noiselessly by in the most crowded canals. Frank said that in spite of all he had read of Venice, when he came out of the railroad station he looked around for a hack!

The gondolas look very natural; they are black, and have a heavy steel halbert to balance the gondolier. In going round a corner the gondolier yells "Prime!" (first place) and has the right of way. I was surprised to see how very narrow the side and back canals were, — perhaps ten to twelve feet; yet the long gondolas were guided skilfully past each other, and on going round the corner you could hardly put a sheet of paper between the side of the gondola and the guard-post. The motion is not so smooth as that of a canoe. The sweeps are so long and the stroke so powerful that the gondola gives a list with every stroke, but on the whole they are deliciously comfortable. We could hire one by the hour for a franc. I had fancied there were no streets in Venice, but there is quite a network of them, and you can go all over the city on foot. The streets are so narrow and winding that my map was useless, and I went entirely by my little compass. Every now and then as you crossed a bridge, or glided down a canal, you would find little Venetians bathing. Their mothers tie strings around the babies' waists, and let them play in the canals. The water is so terribly salt, I suppose it does them no harm. The water of the small canals is very dirty though, and one would need a bath on coming out more than before he went in.

Venice is full of picturesque piles of buildings, and you come upon them literally at every turn of the canal. I do not wonder that painters and poets love the place. Well, to go back to our first day, Sunday. In the afternoon we hired a gondola and went out to see the great annual regatta. It was a great piece of luck that we should have stumbled on this festival, — the most beautiful in color that I have ever seen. It is given by the government; prizes are offered for the best rowing, and the crews are made up from the lower classes, — the gondoliers. As in most races everything was late, and the race when it did come off was hardly exciting, — that is, to us who have been used to races at Cambridge and New London; but the crowd of boats, the animation of the people, and the bright decorations of the houses were striking. Almost every house on the Grand Canal had colored silks hanging from the windows, and here and there you could see a bit of tapestry. The thousands of gondolas were drawn up in thick masses on each side the canal, leaving a very narrow streak of clear water. Up and down this went the police-boat armed with a hose, and any unruly boatman who refused to move on order was played upon. The government provided a pageant of some dozen elaborate gondolas, — gilded and canopied, — with

crews of gondoliers in uniform. In the stern great sheets of satin drooped down to the water and dragged along in it. It was a gay scene and one worth seeing. In the evening I saw for the first time the deep blue of the Italian sky. It is really not exaggerated in photographs. It is magnificent, and with a full moon must be surpassing. The square of St. Mark's was brilliantly lighted. Hundreds of little tables were set in front of the palaces of the quadrangle, and thousands of people promenaded or drank their wine or ate their ices while the orchestra was playing. A Harvard Class-day gives you some idea of St. Mark's in the evening. There is not, of course, the soft glow of the lanterns, but in its place the purple coloring of the buildings, with their soft tinted marbles and the warm deep blue of the sky. Florian's is the great restaurant. I left Frank in the square and went with Mr. L. to the opera. This was rather secular, I admit, but there was playing the little piece called "L'Amice Fritz," by the author of "Cavalieri Rusticana" (which has made such a stir in both Europe and America), and we were afraid it would be our last chance. It was a delightful little piece with beautiful music, much of which was too classical for me, but all in all so lovely that I want to hear it again. It was the first time I had ever heard an overture encored. Mr. L. who is splendidly

up in music thought the little opera very fine. I am anxious now to hear "Cavalieri Rusticana." I have been fairly fortunate in hearing operas in Europe. I had supposed all the theatres would be closed.

Monday, Frank, Mr. L., and I went to the Frari (church) and saw his beautiful pictures, — the "Madonna of the Pesaro family," and a little "Madonna" by Bellini. Bellini, Titian, Veronese, and Tintoretti, — these are the four masters you meet all over Venice. The same morning I walked across the famous Rialto. It is lined with little shops, not like those of the Ponte Vecchio, of one kind, but every kind, — print-shops, meat, jewelry, — everything. In the afternoon we all went to the Lido and had a perfectly great time. The Lido is a little island off Venice where there is a bathhouse and casino combined, and the swell families of Venice spend their afternoons here in large part. To do the Lido up in style costs one franc and a half. For this you get a steamboat ticket over and back, a ticket to get into the casino, and one for the bath. The men bathe on one side of the beach, the women on the other (the same beach). They give you a towel, a sheet, and a pair of trunks, and off you go to your little room. The beach slopes very gradually, and you can't get drowned if you want to. I had to work hard to even get out over my head, and there was absolutely

no place to dive; except for this and a too high temperature of water, the bath was fine. I missed the bracing chilly water of our Massachusetts coast, though. After the swim we got into our sheets, dressed, and went upstairs to the casino, where there was a big crowd watching the bathers and sipping coffee and gelati.

It was a fine gay crowd, and we were glad to lounge a half an hour away watching it. In the evening we hired a gondola and went out on the Grand Canal to hear the singing. Everything was still, and the clear voice of an Italian woman rang out sweetly over the water. Two violins and a guitar accompanied her, and round the singer's gondola there were a crowd of others, and everywhere you could see the tiny lights on the bows dodging about as the gondolas came and went. On landing we came into the great square just as the orchestra was playing the finest part of the wedding march from Lohengrin. We sat down at one of the little tables and ate a gelati to music.

Tuesday, Mr. B. took us all over Venice in his gondola. We stopped at the finest churches, and saw some beautiful pictures, among them Parma Vecchio's "Santa Barbara" and Titian's "Assumption" (in the Academy). I must not forget the "Scuola di Rocco." The attendant gave us a guide-

card to the frescos, printed in four languages. The English was a bit peculiar. I copied the queerest part of it.

1. In the middle : —

The sin our fathers. On every side [*i. e.* each] three *kinds* in the oven of Babyloni; Möise saved from the water.

2. Möise who spring the water; on every side, the ardent wood [*i. e.* burning bush] and the luminous column in the desert.

Daniel in the trench of the lion. Eleseios dispansing *brods.*

"The wood-carving representing the life of St. Roch, that is to say, his departure; his helping to the infects."

The catalogue then went on to speak of *einige facts.*

We were sorry to leave Venice, but the time was so short that we took the early morning train, Wednesday, that is, Frank, Mr. L. and I, leaving Mrs. and Miss S. in Venice. We reached Milan about 2 o'clock, hired a carriage, drove to the Ste. Maria della Grazie, and saw Leonardo da Vinci's marvellous fresco of the "Last Supper." It is badly marred, but enough remains to show the fine grouping and the movement of the picture. It is thoroughly artistic and impressive. Christ's face is marred more

than the rest. Around the room are several copies of the work, and we saw two artists at their easels in front of the picture. We then drove to the art gallery and had a glimpse of one of the most superb drawings I ever hope to see, — the study of the head of Christ in "Last Supper" by Leonardo. In the same gallery we saw some fine Salvator Rosas and Van Dycks and some Raphaels (I could not appreciate the last). The Milan Cathedral is elaborate. You remember the picture of it with its flying buttresses and its hundreds of statues. It is more impressive inside, with its lofty vaulting and fine marble-chased ceiling and double aisles. We climbed to the top as usual, and as we got higher and higher we could see the intricate construction of the big pile, dazzlingly white. On top (I could n't get to the tip-top) we had a wide view of Milan and the Alps, and caught a snatch of a view of Mt. Rosa and Mt. Blanc. Driving back to the station we took the 6 P. M. train for Como, and got there about 8 o'clock. It was a lovely place at the southern end of the lake, shut in by high hills and mountains, something as the Profile House is in New Hampshire, only not quite so confined. In the square right in the lake we ate our dinner to the music of another band. Spending the night at Como we sailed up the lake to Bellagio early this morning, and it was like sailing past a series of Bar

Harbors, except that the mountains were more jagged and purple, and the little towns and villas on the hillsides more ancient looking. Bellagio is the gem of Lake Como, situated right in the fork of the lake. This evening we took a boat for an hour and rowed round the point of land on which Bellagio is built, and listened to some very clear echoes, the sound bouncing from one cliff to another. It is fine to get into the bracing air of the mountains after the hot *sirroccos* of Florence and Rome. I am very glad that we took our trip as we did with Switzerland on top. To-morow morning (Friday) we sail to Menaggio, across to Pallanza on Lake Maggiore, and spend the night at Domo d'Ossola, whence we begin our Switzerland tramp. My letters may be scant or wanting during this tour.

SIERRE, Aug. 15, 1892.

MY DEAR F., — In my last letter to C. I had arrived at Bellagio on the beautiful lake of Como, and I think I wrote you how we took a boat and rowed around the promontory and heard the echoes and floated underneath the high cliffs. Did I write you, too, that at Como we fell in again with a Mr. and Mrs. Lee whom we had met on leaving Venice and dropped at Milan?

Well, the Lees went with us, keeping us jolly com-

pany as far as Visp, where we left them and took our breakfast preparatory for the glorious walk from Visp to St. Nicholaus and thence to Zermatt. I must tell you a word, however, about the Italian lakes. Como is to me the most beautiful of the three, but this does not reflect on lakes Lugano and Maggiore. The high hills, blue as our own Milton hills, are all around you, and as you turn this corner and that you come upon a long vista of mountains, some of them white-capped and merging into the sky. We had a jolly little steamer and went through from Bellagio (Como) to Domo d'Ossola in one day. Mr. Law left us at Pallanga and went back to Milan on his way to Bayreuth. We missed him ever so much, for he had been with us ever since we left Genoa. We spent the night at Domo d'Ossola, and next morning took the diligence over the superb Simplon pass to Brieg. This pass or road was built, I believe, by Napoleon. Whoever did it, though, did it well. The sides of the gorge, through which the road twists till you can see twist on twist below you as you ascend, are bold and very precipitous, and torrents that tumble about the rocks and spread out into the air are awe-inspiring. It took us all day to wind slowly through the Simplon, and when at length we clambered down from our seats at our journey's end, we could well believe we had put a solid wall

between ourselves and sunny Italy. Lovely Italy — the most romantic land I ever expect to see. Over night at Brieg, and breakfast; then F. C. S. and I shouldered our traps and set our faces to Zermatt. We had simply our canvas-bags and our Mackintoshes, — the latter we tossed over our shoulders. As the time had not come for stiff tramping we decided to pick up our Alpine stocks along the route. In my bag I carried a change of underclothing, some simple medicines, and my "Baedeker." We took the way from Visp to St. Nicholaus very slowly, for it was our first real tramp. It was a fine day, not too hot, and we made St. Nicholaus by early afternoon, — that is, by four o'clock as nearly as I can remember. The road was very fine, and we were in an amphitheatre of gorgeous mountains all the time. On climbing a steep ascent just beyond Stalden we broke in upon the splendid Weisshorn, its needle peak just dazzling with snow. It kept with us for mile on mile, and by the time we reached St. Nicholaus it seemed as though we had crept almost to its base. You can imagine how fine it was next day to come in sight of the great Matterhorn, the guardian angel of Zermatt. Zermatt, and our times there, I shall tell you about when I get home. It is an inspiring spot and in the very heart of the mountains. It is hard to describe natural scenery, and

I know any length of it must be very wearisome to you. Leaving Zermatt and its treasures we retraced our steps down the Visp valley again, and that brings me up to date. I began this letter before now, but had to put it by, as I have several before, ere I had opportunity to finish it. As I warned you in C.'s last letter, Switzerland is a bad country to write letters in, you are so on the go.

LUCERNE, Aug. 16, 1892.

MY DEAR H., — Do you remember Byron's lines in his "Prisoner of Chillon"? —

> "My hair is white,
> But not with years;
> Nor grew it white
> In a single night,
> As men's have grown
> From sudden fears."

Well, here is the picture of the old castle where the scene is laid, — the imprisonment of Bonivard, and though Baedeker says Byron's story is a fable, the castle is none the less interesting. But first I must tell you how we got there. In father's letter I was in Sierre, a queer little Swiss town tucked away in the Rhone valley in the southern centre of Switzerland.

I met there two English ladies, and after supper went out on the little piazza in front of the hotel and had a long talk with them. They had very queer ideas about America. They understood that American women ate hot bread and pies, and so, though for a short time very beautiful, their beauty did not last like that of the bonny girls of England. They thought, too, that all American women cared for was dress. Doubtless they had got some of their ideas from our "specimen" Americans with long purses and shoddy manners who plunge through Europe. Thursday morning we left Sierre and travelled on the railroad through rather uninteresting country to the Lake of Geneva, — the eastern end; and in a few moments after leaving Villeneuve we shot into sight of the romantic Castle of Chillon. We had met in our car a Mr. A., his wife, daughter, and two friends. Mr. A. was an alderman at Portsmouth, Eng., and a very genial old gentleman. They were going to Chillon, too, so we all went together. The castle is on a little island, but very near the shore, so that the distance between is about that of a good-sized moat. We went all though it, saw the Duke of Savoy's dining-room and reception-room, all of the thirteenth century; and we saw, too, many grewsome-looking wooden pillars with chains and iron collars on them, which our guide told us were torture columns. But it

was down below in the dungeons you had the shivers. I shall never forget the place so long as I live, it was so creepy. In the damp under-ground, lighted by the merest slits in the thick walls you could see stone-pillars standing in a row; to these the poor prisoners were confined with chains, each to a pillar. The guide showed us Bonivard's pillar. He was supposed to have had some length to his chain so that he walked and walked round and back again and round and back, wearing a circle on the stone-floor. The guide showed us the rock on which condemned prisoners passed the night, — the gallows-tree, and the viaduct out of which the dead bodies were shot into the lake. I was glad to clamber up the steps and get up into the warm sunshine and thank heaven that my days were cast in a fairer time than Bonivard's. From Chillon we took a little electric train to Territat, a bit farther up the lake to the north, and after getting a very poor lunch took the little lake steamer and churned westward towards Geneva, which is at the extreme western end of the lake. Lake Geneva is called Lac Leman in Switzerland. The boat must have made twenty stops between Chillon and Geneva, — taking things very leisurely. We passed Vevey, a very well-known summering place for Continentals. It is celebrated for being the home, I think, of Rousseau. At any rate it is in this region

that he lays the scene of his "Nouvelle Héloïse." We passed Lausanne, a very pretty and quaint town, and on nearing Geneva saw Necker's home. Necker, you know, was Finance minister to Louis XVI. His daughter was Madame de Staël, and she lived many years in the château we passed. It was about half-past six in the evening when we reached Geneva. We had taken five hours to cross the lake, — forty-five miles long. Lake Geneva is not so beautiful to me as the Italian lakes; the distances are too great. In the Italian lakes the mountains are right up around you; at Geneva they are far off. But the water of Lake Geneva is the bluest you ever saw, as blue as the skies of Italy. No one knows why it is so blue, but blue it is, and a lovely transparent blue, too. Nearing Geneva we had a fine view of Mt. Blanc. It is a gorgeous old pile, but it does not impress you as being the highest of the Alps. The Matterhorn at Zermatt is far more imposing, and the Breithorn and the Weisshorn. Did you know — I did not — that you can make out the figure of Napoleon, his head, his cocked hat, and cockade, his folded arms, all out of the peaks of Mt. Blanc? It takes some time to make it out, just as it's hard at first to find the fair young girl in the full moon, but once you see it you can never help seeing it. It is called "Tête de Napoleon." I tried to get a photo-

graph of it for father, but have found nothing satisfactory so far. Geneva is built on the west end of the lake, and on both sides of the Rhone as it dashes swiftly out from the lake and hurries on its way to France and the Mediterranean. Nine bridges connect the two parts, and over the finest of these, the Pont du Mont Blanc, we took our way to find a pension. I found a perfectly fine one on the borders of the lake. The lady who conducts it is a lady in every sense of the word, and she is very pretty and charming. She can speak four languages, and is a master at English. She went to England when a young girl and studied hard there so as to be able to teach English, and she came out No. 2 in her class. She teaches English now besides running the pension. Besides, she has had the great privilege of studying French literature with Amiel, — just think of it! She speaks of Amiel as not being a very good man, but she was impressed with his knowledge and his mind. For recreation Madame S. keeps up her music and singing, and then she makes lace at odd moments. Lace-making is the most complicated thing I ever saw; she has at least fifty bobbins of black silk, each with a handle to it, and the way she throws those bobbins together winding and weaving and sticking in pins, is a wonder. She talks while she is making her lace, just as old women can prattle on

and set the heel of a stocking at the same time. Her husband is a good fellow, but not interesting; but her little girl is quite "cute" and very pretty. Our meals are always pleasant, for there are about a dozen of us at table, and Madame is a master at conversation and thinks of every one. Just think of it! I have my three meals and a nice little room and a hot bath all ready for me in the morning, all for 5f. ($1.00) a day. I thought my Florence pension the finest I had had, but this is even better.

Evenings they have band concerts here and sometimes illuminations. The other night, out on the middle of the lake a great fountain was playing and the high streams were lighted in some mysterious way by electric lights and the colors changed every few minutes. The centre stream of the five must have shot up some ninety or one hundred feet.

As I came along the street to-day I found that it was market-day, and all through the principal thoroughfare were women from the country with their baskets of provisions and flowers. The curb-stones were lined on both sides as far as you could see, and all the Genevan women came out to haggle and buy. The flowers looked so pretty, and the fresh fruit and the green vegetables, that I wished we had some such open-air markets in America. I like to see flowers for sale on the streets. Flowers are pretty

anywhere, and it 's far finer than to see the streets lined with suspender venders.

Right on the lake is the Jardin Anglais with benches and chairs among the trees. It reminds you something of the Champs Élysées of Paris, in that the nurses and other women come out with their work and their needles and sit together in gossiping circles, having nice quiet times together. Yesterday afternoon I took a book and went under the trees to read a little, and it was fine, until a big storm came up and hurried me back to my pension.

Monday.

Sunday noon I left Geneva for Lucerne, and got there in time for a fine table d'hôte dinner, which, I tell you, I enjoyed. This morning, right after my Swiss breakfast (a Swiss breakfast invariably consists of tea (or coffee), rolls, butter, and honey), I took a run up to the famous "Lion of Thorwaldsen's." It is one of the most impressive monuments I ever saw. The sheer cliff, about one hundred feet high, is situated in a little glen with trees hanging over the top, and a dark pool of water at the bottom with swans gliding about, and there, half-way between the ferns and the trees, above the pool, the lion is cut with fine bold lines. It commemorates the death of the Swiss guards in the French Revolution who defended

the Tuileries against the mob. If you look at the photograph in our parlor you will see on one shield the Swiss cross and on the other, under the lion's paw, the lilies of France.

I then took a steamboat and sailed the length of the most beautiful lake in Europe, — Lake Lucerne. It reminds me very much of the Italian lakes, but the mountains are bolder and more impressive. We steamed past many and many a place that Schiller has made famous in his poem of William Tell. We are right in Tell's country, — in the cantons of Uri, Schwyz, and Unterwalden. We saw the Küssnacht in the distance, sailed past Grutli, saw Tell's Platte, — where 't is said Tell jumped from the boat and shot Gessler, — and further on, Tell's Chapel. At Fluelen, at the opposite end of the lake from Lucerne, took a 'bus to Altdorf, — the little village where Tell shot the apple from his son's head. There is a large plaster statue of Tell on the spot where he raised his bow, and about one hundred and fifty paces on, a fountain that marks the place where the lime-tree grew under which little Tell stood. With all these memories, so concrete and seemingly real, it is hard to think that the Tell story is but a fable. It evidently is no fable to the Swiss peasants if one can judge from the statues and the signs and the names of the Altdorf streets.

All the villages along Lake Lucerne are quaint and beautiful. The houses are distinctively Swiss. Sometimes the roof goes way down on one side and makes a cubby hole for hay, or a stable, or an extra room. As you come towards Lucerne on the lake you see on your right hand the Righi, a high wooded mountain with a little railroad to the top, and on the left the craggy peaks of Mt. Pilatus with a railroad to its summit. These mountain-tops are favorite excursions for Lucerne tourists, and they say the view from the top of either is glorious. The Righi has been the favorite one of late years, but Pilatus is coming in again for first place. We have not been up either as yet.

Köln, Aug. 28, 1892.

My dear C., — The last time I wrote was from Lucerne. The day after I sent the letter I climbed the Righi, a small mountain on the lake a little distance from the town. The view was superb, with its one-hundred-and-twenty-mile stretch of Alp-land showing the Wetterhorn, the Mönch, the Eiger, the Jungfrau, and lots of other snow-clad peaks. In the afternoon we went up to the Lion glen again and feasted on Thorwaldsen's work. It is wondrously fine. While at Lucerne I read George du Maurier's "Peter Ibbetson," — a very good thing on the whole

but a bit disappointing. It is written well, but at the end it sags down into a theosophical wonder-book, which is commonplace and must always be. I used to take my book and go out on the lake promenade and sit among the crowds of people that lounge away the hours there, in sight of beautiful mountains and craggy Pilatus. It was very interesting to prowl around the narrow streets of the older part of the town and see the markets right out on the street. One morning I found that a hen market was in progress; baskets and crates full of hens, ducks, geese, and rabbits filled the market square, and the people were babbling and haggling like good ones. It was almost pathetic to see here and there a poor woman who had brought her two pullets to the square hoping to have a chance to sell them against the finer and fatter ones of the well-to-do farmer. I came very near buying for you the silver chains and rosettes that the Bernese women and the women at Interlaken wear on their bodices, but I concluded that they were a little too loud. We left Lucerne on the 24th and arrived in Freiburg (Germany) late in the evening. In the morning we took a look at the Cathedral and walked up the Schlosberg and had a fine view of the town. From there we went on to the far more interesting Heidelberg, spending a night and a day there. Of course the first thing to

see was the fine old castle, — a most impressive ruin standing out on a hill just over the town. We went all through it from turret to dungeon, and we saw the great tun which holds three hundred thousand bottles of wine — has been filled three times. The University was closed, but we managed to get into one of the halls, and so got a very fair idea of the recitation and reading rooms. As we went in we saw two very cheerful signs arching over our heads : —

"Verliebe Frauen und Mägdalein
Sollt hier vor Allen Willkommen sein."

"Ihr Männer herein mit festen Schritt
Und bring mir keine Sorgen mit."

I should have said that we stopped a few hours at Strasburg before coming on to Heidelberg, — just long enough to get a glimpse of the Cathedral and its wonderful clock. While we were there it struck four, and we saw the little figures move and ring bells and tip hour-glasses in the most vigorous manner. It is a marvellous piece of mechanism ; records everything that has anything to do with time, and is not tripped up by leap-years. The Cathedral would be fine if its second tower were finished, but as it stands now it looks maimed.

From Heidelberg we pushed on to Mainz, or Mayence, at the junction of the Rhine and the Main. It was our first good look at the "ruhig Rhein." There is little in Mayence to keep one, so after a look at the Cathedral, which is not a success, and at the Gutenberg monument, we took the ten o'clock morning boat down the Rhine, the castled Rhine, to Cologne, a ten-hours sail, and this with the current in our favor. After Switzerland it was tame. Except for the fine old castles, the Rhine cannot compare with our Hudson River. Of course the river is interesting, and every bit of land is full of history that is world-known, but it seems to me its beauty has been overestimated. The Loreley ("Ich weiss nicht was soll es bedeuten," etc.) is a bold high cliff, but is not *very* bold. The Drachenfels is more impressive, with its high-perched ruined castle. We passed by the Mouse tower, where the legend is that the Archbishop of Mayence was eaten by rats; you remember the poem. The Rhine is full of legend, — Roland's arch and Hildegarde's cloister, — and Wagner has placed many of his Opera scenes on this river. (Helen will remember them, — the Drachenfels, etc.) Half way down the river, between Mayence and Cologne (Köln), we stopped at old Coblenz, with its four-turreted church of St. Castor and fine old high-peaked houses. The roofs of some of the

German houses we have seen have as many as four rows of dormer windows, and a street full of them makes a very picturesque sight. It is interesting, too, to see the German women washing by the river. They have long floating houses like arks, and they kneel on the floor and wring their clothes out at the edge of the float and chatter like monkeys, — rows on rows of them. We got into Cologne about eight at night and had a fine table d'hôte dinner. To-day (Sunday) we have "done up" the city. We visited the principal churches and the Art Museum, and best of all, the great Cathedral, the most magnificent thing I ever saw in my life. It puts all the cathedrals I have seen before completely in the shade, not excepting St. Peter's, though St. Peter's, inside, is far richer. Cologne Cathedral is a perfect whole, and a pure Gothic at that. It has taken hundreds of years to build it, but the different architects have kept its style and proportions exactly. I can't describe it, with its twin towers — the highest in the world — and its high, beautifully arched nave and its flying buttresses. It is a marvel of grace and beauty which I shall never forget. I do not believe it can be surpassed. We climbed as far as they would let us, only three hundred and fifty feet, and got a fine view of the architecture of the big pile and a broad view of Cologne itself on the winding Rhine. The

service, like all Catholic services I have heard, was gaudy and commonplace. I must say, though, that there seemed to be more earnestness and reverence in the German churches than in those of France and Italy. The churches were all full, and that helped. We happened in on a sermon to-day, the first I have ever heard in a Catholic church. We kept going to the Cathedral all day, looking at it from one side and another. You never tire of it; it is too beautiful. This afternoon we went to a typical German beer-garden, and it was a very nice, orderly, decent place. The band was giving a very good concert, and the people — good-looking people — sat at the little tables and quietly drank their beer. At one table you would see a whole family, at another a couple, at another a knot of German soldiers with their sensible blue uniforms. We spent an hour or so there watching the people, — grandpa, pa, ma, and the children, and it was fine. Then we took a horse-car and drove round the Ring Strasse, — a beautiful street that begins and ends on the Rhine, and includes the city in a great semicircle. It is the Commonwealth Avenue of Cologne, and it is a gallant one. To-night we are to leave our little pension Fischer for Ostend. This is the cheapest place we have struck.

We leave to-night for Ostend and cross to Dover

early in the morning, then on to London. Frank sails for home the 1st of September, — next Thursday, which we are beginning to realize is near at hand. I shall stay a little longer. I expect on getting to London to find a letter from Mrs. M., in answer to one I wrote her at Lucerne, telling her I hoped to come up to Broadway for a day. My plan is to see a little of Oxford, Warwick Castle, Stratford, Broadway, and Chester, before I sail, and I shall have plenty of time for them all.

Oxford, Sept. 3, 1892.

My dear F., — I wrote C. at Cologne but forgot to post the letter there, so at Dover I put Queen Victoria over the German eagles and sent it off from the chalk-cliff town. We decided to return via Ostend rather than risk the cholera by going through Antwerp or Rotterdam. It was too bad to give up Holland, but I think we did wisely. The trip from Ostend across the channel was comparatively smooth, so that we had no need of the traditional basin. Three hours and a half brought us under the lee of the picturesque white cliffs that we have heard so much about, and we were in good old England again. It seems a long time since we left Newhaven for Dieppe and the Continent, and yet it was only forty-

five days; but how we have filled in those forty-five Continental days!

We took the train from Dover to Canterbury and stopped over to get a glimpse of the Cathedral with its square old towering tower and manifold turrets. It was warm and beautiful on the outside, with the sunshine playing on the old stones, but inside there was the same chill and dreariness that is almost always connected with a vast interior. The streets of Canterbury were lovely, — typical English village or town style, ivy-grown brick houses, long and low, little gabled shops, and the regulation hedges with lovely trees. At the station, waiting for the London train, I saw Mrs. Fields and Miss Jewett. Neither recognized me, perhaps on account of my beard; and so I did not venture to speak to them. I looked a bit trampy with my old clothes.

We reached London, dear old London, with its 'busses and silk hats and chop-houses, about two o'clock, and went to the banker's, where I found my letters. We then went to our tailor's and tried on our clothes and gave orders for alterations, and then back we went to Mrs. Murray's, who seemed glad to see us again. As Frank was to sail Thursday (1st) he spent most of Tuesday and Wednesday in getting ready, — shopping, etc., so that I wandered over London alone. Tuesday morning I took a walk

the whole length of Regent Street and looked in shop-windows like a girl of sixteen. Regent Street and Bond Street are the swell shopping streets, and as they were too swell for me I could look on at the great sights with a very even mind.

As I paced Regent Street, past Liberty's three or four stores, I longed to have E. with me. Somehow I have wished for E. in England just as I have longed for you in Paris, and C. in Rome. H. is a bit more cosmopolitan to my fancy, and I have not associated her with any particular city, though perhaps with Venice, as I think it over now, for Venice would do her good, it is so restful there. Well, it took me about all the morning to do up Regent Street, and a fine morning's enjoyment it was; and then in the afternoon I went to a still more interesting quarter down near St. Paul's, — Paternoster Row, — and strolled through the book-stalls.

Paternoster Row is a very narrow street, almost an alley, and it is well named, for most of the stores sell religious books. But far more interesting to me was old Holywell Street, called Booksellers' Row. Here there is really a touch of old London, — a few peaked-roof houses squinting down on the narrow pavement in good sixteenth-century style. Here you see the most delightful open book-stalls, with boys pushing down and up the great shutters, as the rain

comes down and the sun drives it away. Such cheap books! I could n't help buying a nice copy of "Goethe's Faust" (Taylor's) for a shilling for my Brooklyn library, nor a brand new copy of Kingsley's poems (which I could not find in America) for 1*s.* 2*d.* If those bookstalls had been in Boston I should have bought fifty books at least. Booksellers' Row is a short street, but it took me a long while to go through it.

Finally I tore myself away and dashed off for Irving's Little Britain. I was disappointed. There is little left of what must have been a quiet little retreat. There was a small garden with a two-penny pond and forty or fifty people lounging on settees, but big, modern warehouses frowned on all sides, and I do not believe Irving would know it now. I can fancy what it must have been, — a sort of Inner Temple junior for the St. Paul quarter. Of course I went all over the Strand and Fleet Street again, and watched the great tide of people coming and going over Ludgate Hill. This and London bridge are to me the most interesting thoroughfares in London. They must be the great arteries compared to the veins of other streets. Standing on the steps of St. Paul's and looking down Ludgate Hill to Fleet Street and the Strand is something worth living for. And at election time (it was election time when we were here

last) Fleet Street — the newspaper street of London — is a marvel of packed, struggling life (under silk hats). Tuesday night we dined at the well-known Holborn restaurant (High Holborn is pronounced by the cabmen "i-obun"), where you get a table d'hôte dinner, with a fine orchestra from six to nine o'clock. They lose money on the dinner, but expect you to order expensive wines. I am afraid they lost on us, though we gave the waiter a good tip. Wednesday I went to Booksellers' Row, as I said above, and then to the column which commemorates the burning of London and the consequent stopping of the plague. I wanted to climb this merely to get a view of London. It was too hazy a day, however, — though it looked clear from the sidewalk, — and the wind blew a gale at the summit; so I had my climb for nothing. I went through Maiden Lane and imagined how Voltaire fled here, and how he got acquainted with the famous writers of the day; how they all flocked here, — Addison, Steele, Congreve, and the rest. But Maiden Lane has a very business-like and prosaic look now, as does Grubb Street at the other end of the city, near Cheapside. Grubb Street is Grubb Street no longer. If you ask ten men where Grubb Street is, perhaps one will know, and he will tell you it is now called Milton Street, after one Milton, who renovated the street. He renovated it with a ven-

geance, and it is the most uninteresting Philadelphian kind of a warehouse street you ever saw. My imagination simply could not work through those straight high walls, and the swept-away houses of the Grubb Street hacks would not come up before me. (Breakfast time at the "Castle" Oxford, so must wait awhile.) Thursday morning early Frank left for Liverpool, and after seeing him off I went straight to Covent Garden and saw the great early market. All the adjoining streets were jammed with carts from the country, and you never saw such luscious fruits and vegetables. In the centre corridor of Covent Garden you find the flower-stands, and you see women and children coming early to buy little nosegays, perhaps for their beaux, or more likely to ornament the little boarding-house table. Covent Garden is the great vegetable and fruit stand for London, just as Billingsgate is the central fish-market. I did not get up at 5 A. M. to go down to Billingsgate to hear the fish-women swear, for I hear they swear no longer, and 5 A. M. is too early. Later in the morning I took a boat at Westminster Bridge and steamed down the river Thames to Southwark Bridge, which carries one over from Cheapside to Bankside. Bankside is the site of the old Globe Theatre where Shakespeare brought out his first plays, and where he acted himself. Another stretch of the

imagination is needed here, for the bank is picturesque only in its ugliness. Walter Besant has described it well in his rather prolix "Bell of St. Paul's." From Southwark I took a 'bus back to Westminster Abbey, and finally got admission to the effigy chamber. Emily had reminded me of this feature of the Abbey, and Mrs. Lee had told me about it. The collection is wonderfully interesting. It seems it was a custom (since 1307) to have a funeral procession of the sovereign some two months after his burial, and at these processions a wax effigy of the deceased, dressed in the clothes he actually died in, was carried to the cemetery. There were eleven effigies altogether. Charles II., — face taken from death-mask, and said to be an excellent likeness! This wax figure, with its historic associations, brought the old-time court to my mind more forcibly than anything I have seen in England. You saw in his figure, with its long wig and the dark, large eyes, all the excesses of the Restoration and all its splendors. Besides Charles there was fat Queen Anne; Elizabeth, with a striking face and very gaudy dress; Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, laid out just as though he had died yesterday; the Duchess of Buckingham (his mother); the Duchess of Richmond, a handsome woman, presented, as you may remember, to Charles II. by Louis XIV. of France. Then there was the

elder Pitt, — a noble face, full and grave ; William and Mary ; and Lord Nelson. All of these, except the Duke of Buckingham, are standing, — all in glass cases. In a closet, the guide told me, were a number of fragments of effigies ; but these could not be seen. The effigies before the Restoration were, I suppose, destroyed by the Roundheads ; I do not understand how Elizabeth's is here, but possibly this was made later simply to set off the dress. When I went to the Tower, the first time I was in London, and saw the crown jewels and plate, I saw there were none earlier than Charles II. The Cromwellians must have made a clean sweep. In the afternoon I went through Bond Street, where nearly every other store had a framed certificate that the Queen or the Prince of Wales made it a point to trade there, — prices, I suppose, accordingly. Friday I left London for Oxford, arriving there at night ; and this morning, after breakfast, I took my first stroll among the ivy-covered halls. I had fancied Oxford University as being a great clump of buildings set down in one great field. To be sure, they are all near each other, — the colleges, — but the city streets run all through them, and cut them up into all sorts of squares and triangles. The quadrangles are not like those of Harvard, but are perfectly continuous, — the entrances and exits being through archways. Of the colleges visited

this morning, — Pembroke, Christ Church, Oriel, Corpus Christi, University, and Merton, — I find that all the dormitories are either two or three storied. Each college has its chapel, refectory or hall, and library. I went through Christ Church College and Merton quite carefully. Both are intensely interesting, and when you read the names of the great men who passed their youth here it makes the chills go all over you. I was thrilled through standing in the straight sun (for it does shine now and then between the showers). Christ Church College owed everything to Wolsey. This is considered the most celebrated, but Merton College interested me more. It is the oldest of all, and its Mob quadrangle, also the oldest, is a most quaint bit, with its library forming two sides of the square. This library is the most charming one I ever saw, — fourteenth century, the oldest "book retreat" in England. Almost all the old books there have the marks of the chains by which they were attached to the shelves. In one case I saw just how it was done. The chains falling over the titles of the books took up no room on the shelf. I think it an encomium on the present age that we trust men to take and return books, and do away with even the prison chain. Merton Hall and Chapel are beautiful. The interior of Christ Church Cathedral — one of the earliest in England — is very

handsome. I went through kitchens and refectories (that of Christ Church College is very historic), and if you remember John Inglesant, Charles I. held his Parliament here in the stormy days of the Puritan struggles, Handel gave concerts here, Queen Elizabeth witnessed dramatic performances in the hall, and her beastly old father had a banqueting bee here. The high-timbered, arched ceilings, high wainscoting, and the rows of portraits and the old stained glass windows plentifully besprinkled with the arms of Henry VIII. and Wolsey, make a most lovely hall. It is their Memorial Hall, — I mean the students', — and they sit on long benches without any backs and eat at long tables. Of course Oxford is empty now, and you see simply the townspeople and tourists. Now and then you come across a woman sketching under some archway or in the corner of a quadrangle; but the colleges are deserted, and will be for six weeks to come. I took a walk up to Folly Bridge this morning, and had a look at the Thames, where the college (not the university) races are held. The college eights row two or three times a year and "bunt" for their places. Brasenose has up to this year, I believe, held first place; but Magdalen (pronounced "Maudlin") took the prize from her this last time.

This afternoon I took another stroll about the col-

leges, visiting Balliol, Trinity, Brasenose, and Magdalen. The quadrangle of Balliol is beautiful, — retired, with great towering trees just right to study under; but Magdalen, — this is the college for me, with its wide grounds, its beautiful chapel and tower, its cloisters encircling the great quadrangle, its broad fields full of deer, its winding, tree-arched walks, Addison's Walk along by the Cherwell stream; all this is lovely. I walked, too, along the broad Christ Church walk, and had a fair look at Merton across the green meadow. Then I went down to the Thames and took a boat out on the river. The banks were lined with the college barges, — some gayly ornamented, some very plain. The different college crews use these for their dressing-rooms, just as Harvard has her boat-house. Then I switched off up the pretty little Cherwell stream with its dipping willows, and rowed until I got a view of Merton tower across the meadows. It was strikingly beautiful; but, oh, how I longed for some one to sit in the boat with me and to share the view! I have three golden rules for European travel, and I 'm going to have them published.

1. Don't go to Europe alone.
2. Reduce your luggage to lowest terms.
3. Get a working knowledge of French.

I must keep Stratford and Warwick for my next

letter. Stratford is beyond description; it is a typical English village, — quiet, quaint, broad-streeted old town; it has the loveliest little church in the world.

HAWARDEN, Sept. 6, 1892.

MY DEAR E., — I left Oxford Saturday evening, and a few hours' ride brought me to Stratford. It was dark when I got there, and I went straight to the Red Horse Tavern, known as Washington Irving's hotel; but the prices were so steep that I took rooms across the way at "The Old Red Lion," where I got a good bed for a shilling and sixpence. In the morning, of course, I darted off for Henley Street, and saw the much modernized house where Shakespeare was born; but as it was a Sunday, I could not get in; but I had something better in view. It was a beautiful morning, with a bright blue sky and a brighter sun, and I was soon on my way over the meadows and along a pretty, winding path to Anne Hathaway's cottage. I wish you could have been with me, for I passed the loveliest little thatched-roof, low, rambling cottages you ever saw, with the blue smoke curling comfortably out of low-set chimneys. The hedges were thick and green, and the crazy-cushion flower-gardens bright with all kinds of blossoms, especially the white and the purple asters. Anne's cottage was about a mile and a half from

Will's, and put the latter quite in the shade for picturesqueness. They do not admit visitors, as a rule, on Sunday; but when I told old lady Taylor that I was to leave for Warwick that night, she graciously waved me in and showed me the rooms, with many a curiosity come down from the days of Anne. It was a very quaint set of rooms, and the old lady took great pride in keeping them as they used to be. She belongs to the Hathaway family, and has lived in the old house for nearly seventy years. Then I went back to Stratford town, thinking as I went how Will must have tramped these same meadows, and how many times he must have gone from Anne's cottage with the lightest heart in the world. I got to the little parish church — Holy Trinity — in the midst of its quiet churchyard, just in time for service. It was a very helpful one to me, and a great rest after the ritual of the continental cathedrals. After service, of course, I went into the chancel and saw Shakespeare's tomb and monument. The latter is a very cheap-looking affair; but the stone in the pavement, with the four well-known lines, was very inspiring to me. After dinner I came back to the church and stayed through the children's service. I watched the children as they came out, hordes of them, — very few pretty ones. The English children as a rule, so far as I have seen, cannot compare with our American

little ones. On the other hand, the young girls of say twenty, of the middle class, are generally very pretty.

Stratford-on-Avon is the loveliest town I ever was in. It is typically English, with broad streets and peaked houses, — the second stories pushed over the first and threatening to come down upon you. Then the narrow, dark Avon, with its lovely willows and meadows, winds so prettily through the town! I fell in love with the place the moment I got up, that Sunday morning. I went to the Memorial Theatre after the second service at church, and saw the statue of Shakespeare that was unveiled about four years ago. It is very fine. Around the pedestal are four statues taken from characters in his plays. The finest by far, and really a masterpiece, is Hamlet, seated, in deep thought, and looking at a skull which he holds in his hand. The inscription above is, — well, I 've forgotten it! The other figures are Coriolanus (I think), Lady Macbeth, and Falstaff.

I wandered about the streets of Stratford, looking at the old Guild Chapel and the grammar school where Will learned his A B C's, and at supper-time took the train for Warwick, about half an hour's ride, and went to the "Great Western Arms," a queer little brick building that looked like a locomotive round-house. Next morning was a perfect one, and

instead of going to Warwick Castle I took the high road for Kenilworth; and a magnificent walk it was, five miles over a perfect road and through lovely meadows. Then I stood right in the midst of the old ruins that Scott has so transfigured. They are very impressive with their grass-covered-tops and ivy-covered walls. I went in and out all through them, from tower to tower, and through what must have been a splendid banqueting hall, and I reflected how often poor Amy Robsart had walked there; I wondered, too, which was her tower; and the memory of Scott's "Kenilworth" made the whole visit fascinating to me. After I had been all through the castle, I lay on a bench somewhat in front of it and just drank the whole scene in. Returning to Warwick, I went to the famous Warwick Castle, — the best-preserved old castle in England, — and the guide showed us all through it. There are some fine paintings in the state chambers, — lots of Van Dycks. I saw here another King Charles I. on horseback, by Van Dyck, similar to the one I saw in the dining-hall of the Temple in London. But the finest two pictures of the whole collection to me were a head and shoulders of Charles I. by Van Dyck, and a two-thirds by Rembrandt of the Dutch admiral Van Tromp. The Charles I. is often copied. It is superb. The grounds of Warwick are very fine;

the Avon has its swans, and the gardens are full of peacocks. The castle is great, but it hardly comes up to my idea of a home, — it is too roomy and vast. From Warwick I went to St. Mary's Church and saw the Beauchamp Chapel, with the tomb of Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester (the husband of Amy Robsart).

And now I am in Hawarden. I walked up from Queen's Ferry at half-past six, so as to be at early morning service in the old church, — where I saw Gladstone! He sat facing the aisle, and I sat back and saw his profile. He had a shawl pinned about his shoulders, and he held his large Prayer Book very close to his eyes, turning the book and his head so as to catch the light fairly. He responded in very deep tones, coming in behind all the rest. In both Old and New Testament lessons he followed every word, read with his own Bible, and at the Gloria he stood with the rest. One could tell Gladstone anywhere. He has a remarkable face, and his hair and whiskers are almost white. After service I followed him out and had a good look at him. I had heard he was a little feeble in walking, but it 's no such thing. He went off like a boy of twelve, and I had to walk smartly to keep up with him. Half-way to the gate of Hawarden Castle a lady met him and walked along with him, and I saw him kiss her a good-

morning. He wore a very shabby straw hat, — variegated straw, — a drab cape that did not quite cover the tail of his light gray coat. And then off he whisked through the gate, leaving me joyful that I had seen for a few moments the Grand Old Man. In a few minutes Hawarden will be open to visitors, and then I may see him again.

From Hawarden I go to Chester, — the old walled town, — and as I walk the rounds of the walls I shall see "the sands o' Dee." Oh, England is a fine country, and I do not wonder that her countrymen are proud of her! I wish you could be with me in some of the delightful strolls I have taken! The only thing I miss is some one to delight in them with me.

SERMONS.

SERMONS.

I.

The temple of God is holy, which temple ye are.
1 Cor. iii. 16.

THIS Epistle to the Corinthians bears witness from chapter to chapter of the difficulties that met the early founders of the Christian Church. A congregation of the faithful is brought together, organized, instructed, and inspired; the master hand is withdrawn, and straightway internal dissensions are rife. The Thessalonian Church is depressed, Galatia is weakening under Judaistic influences, Corinth is torn with strife. Paul cannot be everywhere; but his letters, glowing with the heat of his fervent spirit, are written to the several provinces. Now it is a word of encouragement to the faint-hearted, a summons to the wavering, now a ringing rebuke to backsliders. There is timidity here, doubt there, and weakness on all sides; but if there is one thing calculated to dismay even so persistent a worker as Paul, it is the complication at Corinth.

Corinth had been the last city in Greece to submit to Roman rule. For splendor she was equalled only by Athens, and on the decline of the latter she had risen to the foremost place, and could justly claim to be the representative seat of learning and culture in Greece. Here was one cause of the difficulties in the Corinthian Church. Of the believers Paul had gathered about him there were persons of opposite poles of culture. Some were indisputably brilliant, highly endowed; others of very ordinary minds. Besides, there were Jews as well as Gentiles in the congregation, Jewish Christians under the law, and the so-called proselytes of the gate. The inspiring presence of Paul availed to keep these various elements at peace; but as soon as the master had left for new fields, discord got the better of unity. The less cultivated in the Church, despised by their more highly endowed brethren, regarded the latter with envy. The simple doctrines of Jesus took a subordinate place to the subtleties of philosophic dispute, or to wranglings having no intellectual basis at all.

Worldliness began to creep into the Church. The spiritual life of the young Gentile Christians was not vigorous enough to keep them from the pleasures of their discarded religions. They openly took part in sacrificial feasts, and thereby easily fell prey to all sorts of temptations.

As though to complicate the trouble, there were at least three well-defined parties in the Church. One faction followed the Alexandrian Apollos, attracted by his philosophic discourse; another, Cephas, perhaps with a grave respect for the law; while a third still held to the broader teachings of Paul. The conflicting claims of these factions were alone sufficient to destroy the peace of the Church, and when we add the corruption already hinted at, we have a picture that baffles imagination.

This was the condition of things when Paul wrote his wonderful first epistle to the Corinthians, — an epistle that burns to-day with white-hot indignation, and yet, with all its sternness, standing as the most beautiful expression since the days of Jesus of the immortality of love and the truth of immortality.

The words of Paul must have struck home to the Corinthians. With all their weakness, bound over as they were to envy, malice, and pride, the people could not have failed to feel the sting of Paul's rebuke. It was not the rebuke of the lash; but the gentler touch that reaches farther and deeper, that brings the blood to the cheeks. Paul appeals to their higher natures, — to the possibilities within them.

"The temple of God is holy, which temple ye

are." It was as though he had said, "Hold, you that are wasting your lives in vain wrangling and folly, you know not what you are doing. You live as though you were accountable to your own poor selves, while every moment in your lives is a trust held of God."

"The temple of God is holy, which temple ye are." There were as keen minds in Corinth in those days as there are in our own time, and Paul took care to use words that could be understood. Mark the word "temple." Paul, to set forth the sanctity of the human soul, declares it to be a temple. A temple was universally sacred,—sacred to the Christian, the Pagan, and the Jew. It was synonymous with the house of God. Corinth was full of temples,—temples poised on beautiful white marble columns, and holy from coping to foundation stone. They were holy in tradition. They had fed the religious longing of early generations, and in the imagination of the worshippers they would stand holy in coming years, when the present generation had passed away. Even more did the word "temple" appeal to the man of Jewish birth. Whether loyal to the old faith or to the new, he still looked with veneration to the dazzling temple on Mount Moriah. The traditions of his boyhood were deep within him; he gloried in the history of his race, in the ark of the cove-

nant, the great temples of Solomon and of Herod, and the black, dread Holy of Holies. So the Gentile Christian, brought up in the midst of temples, finds in his newer sanctuary, his humble meeting-place, a special sanctity. Paul's word "temple," then, is well chosen, for it is a word of universal significance. But mark, now, that Paul did not say simply, "The temple of God is holy," — such an appeal would have had no practical effect, — but he adds, "which temple ye are," and here the whole picture changes. The idea that this or that environment is holy in itself, these four walls, this spot of ground consecrated by tradition, is nothing to that nobler conception, that man is the temple of God, and, as such, is holy. Ye, as men, women, and children, are the real temples of God; ye, as men, women, and children, are holy. This was bold imagery, even for the Corinthians. Was man — a transitory being, a mere moment in time, a breath — to be spoken of in terms of the grand buildings of antiquity, standing through generations of men? Yes, and in vastly higher terms. Such temples are made with hands and are torn down with hands. True, they have their traditions, but they are young compared to man's. We can count the beginnings of temple structures, but the beginnings of man are lost in the remote past.

The years of human experience back of us are as unimaginable as the distance from star to star. What our parents have learned in the course of their lives, and have derived from the lives before them, they transmit to us; and we, moulding this experience with the experience of our own lives, pass the accumulated inheritance on to our children. It may be extravagant to say that man has suffered and triumphed, country has taken arms against country, and nations have risen and fallen merely for our sakes. It is of necessity true, however, that we to-day reap the benefit of the trials and triumphs of the past, — trials that perhaps have never been chronicled, triumphs that have never been sung.

Paul, then, so far as tradition is concerned, was more than justified in speaking of man as a temple of God. But this is only a bit of the story. Wherein lies the peculiar sanctity of man?

Let us look for our answer at those very structures which we have already touched upon, which, as we have seen, come instinctively to the minds of all peoples when the word "temple" is uttered. We have said they are not holy in themselves. What is the deep truth that underlies them? Are they not manifestations of the religious feelings in man? And are not these manifestations in some form universal? These buildings are not sacred in them-

selves, but sacred to that something divine in man which inspired their erection. We feel the reality of this something divine. We feel within us the force of a higher personality, through whom only can our personal life have meaning. As our life develops we ever find this feeling of dependence upon something more complete justified in our thought. We see the world ordered for the good. We look upon the beauty of the mountains and the sea and know it in the light of a higher beauty. We find how closely associated we are with our fellow-men. Our life is touching now one life, now another; we give and take to find that we are but part of a great world that is giving and taking. To us it is given to cast the past into the future, to frame ideals towards which we ever strive, but which ever give way to higher and more boundless ones. The higher we strive, the more clearly we see what we can become, the more we feel the lack of that love, that purity, that spirit of consecration through which only life can begin to be real. Where is the measure of this love? Not in things temporal, but in that unseen power which is perfect love and perfect purity.

God is the actual of which we are the possibilities. Our lives are but dim reflections of a perfect life. It is the divine life within us that prompts us to the

better, that is the spring of love, of kindness, and of sympathy. It is in the light of this something divine within us that we find the significance of Saint Paul's words, "The temple of God is holy, which temple ye are." "Which temple ye are." You are the substance of your temples. The Church is holy only as the gathering of personalties, the communion of spirits. The true Church is composed of as many temples as there are men in it, — men who regard their lives, not as accountable to themselves alone, but who recognize their debt to their fellowmen; men who, in virtue of their obedience to the call of their nobler natures, realize at once the needs of the common life, its worth and its possibilities.

We have seen how far below this standard were the men of the Corinthian Church. Paul's letter is a witness how time and again the people profaned the temples of their own lives. The professed Christian reclining at the sacrificial feast of the heathen has not the moral stamina to forbear for the sake of example. How impetuously Paul, in this very epistle, sweeps away all excuse. "If meat maketh my brother to stumble I will eat no flesh while the world standeth." Other members of the Church falter in their convictions at the ridicule of their unbelieving friends. Shallow doubt, wrangling,

biting malice are rife. There seems to be little consciousness of the divine nature of man, of his responsibility to his fellowmen, and to God.

We criticise the Corinthian Church, we applaud Paul's zeal in going to the heart of the trouble in urging men and women to recognize what they are, and hence what they owe to one another. The words fit into the life of to-day as exactly as they did in the life of eighteen hundred years ago among the temples of Corinth.

We are, each one of us, the high priest of our temple. Are we worthy high priests? Do we commonly act as though we were holy?

It may savor of cant to say that we are continually setting up idols in these our temples, but are we not? We are quite often too near to these idols to distinguish them clearly; sadly enough it is when our worship has ended that we see our idol in all its distinctness. History gives us pronounced examples. When Napoleon swept Europe, from Madrid to Moscow, overturning principalities, making and unmaking kings, and carrying desolation to a million peaceful hearths, the idol of ambition sat enshrined in his soul, and he worshipped it as certainly as though it were an image of gold and silver.

In the political life of to-day there is a servile worship of the idol of popularity. It is an idol

freighted with loadstone, and our iron men, in whose trust we would place our lives and our honor, are drawn irresistibly towards it and are one with it.

Here are the demands of a false society, that evokes dissimulation, creates false standards, encourages lightness in talk, and discounts earnestness. How far are we to yield to such an idol? Only so far as we are blinded to the true standards of manhood and womanhood. Once know whence we are and what we are for, and the idol we have worshipped looms up in all its hideousness, and we shun it. So our cherished fantasies, if not wisely selected, may lead our thoughts into special channels, to the detriment of our larger life. If we must have hobbies let us have worthy ones, — not hobbies that take us out of relation to our fellow men, but hobbies which tend to increase our sympathies. There is no reason why we should not have a hobby of earnestness, of wise enthusiasm, of kindness, of charity, or of larger devotion to what is sober and sensible. Here we are serving something that grows more lovely to us the more we serve it. Aaron Burr served vanity, in the end found its worthlessness; the politician cast aside learns too late the shallowness of the popularity he courted; the champion of a false society finds his pleasure tiresome and takes off

the tinsel; but did ever any one that you know, or that you ever heard of, find the service of sobriety and common-sense, of love and charity, really empty and vain? No. The springs are inherent in our very natures given us of Him who is the source of all goodness. It is in virtue of our partaking in this goodness that we are in a real sense holy. As we search the spring to know it, as we ever get nearer to the source where the waters are clearer and sweeter, this conception grows that we — we in all our limitations, all our weaknesses — are really holy, really temples of God.

How shall we keep our temples holy? By good works? Yes, but this is not all. We must cherish those aspirations which prompt to good works, which make good works easy. One may be incapable of actively assisting one's neighbor, and yet be truly holy. Go to a sick-room where a poor woman, say, has been lying on her back even from her girlhood. We know of many such, and we have heard from our childhood, when we have complained of petty things, how nobly she had borne her lot; with what sweet patience, with what Godlike serenity she had risen above her racking pains and seemed to live a soul apart from body. She could not actively minister to men, but was she none the less holy? In the weakness of her body there was the fulness of life, —

that same quality of life that prompts us to acts of sympathy and mercy. She had recognized with the great teacher her birthright in God, and was strong in the thought. We, too, must cherish this spirit, and through this spirit seek God. He is to be found in every walk of life. In the little child whom you befriended to-day you saw Him; in the man, whom in perfect accord with justice you defended in the court, you saw Him; in the patient you have attended at the very risk of your life, and of the more precious lives of your wife and children, you saw Him. In all the good acts of life, all the deeds of mercy, and charity, and love, you feel that you have found something real. Oh that we might have a larger enthusiasm for the sacredness of endeavor, a tithe of the spirit that filled Fra Angelica, who, at the first glow of morning, took up his brush and painted all day to the glory of God; that a shadow of this spirit might inspire the lowlier duties of life; that we could feel the real strength of Herbert's words: —

"Who sweeps a room as for thy law, makes that and the action fine."

"The temple of God is holy, which temple ye are." And does it not follow that wherever we are is holy ground? The crowded streets of our cities, the winding roads of the country, the sea that carries

the frail ships, wherever man has put his hand, here is holy ground. And much more indeed where God has put His hand there is holy ground. His presence manifested in man and nature makes the whole earth holy.

Then, if God has made us temples of His spirit, let us cherish this spirit in all earnestness and devotion, giving the hand of fellowship to all as to brothers and sisters. Let us be conscious of our common aims, and, through the dignity of our service, of our common worth.

"For all things are yours, whether Paul or Apollos, or Cephas, or the world, or things present, or things to come, all are yours; and ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's."

If the divine life is cherished in the temple of our lives we shall see more and more about us the light of other temples. We shall feel how truly God has made us a little lower than the angels, and that in the very least of his servants there is that trust that is the inspiration of the mightiest. We are all of the dust — all of the spirit. As we are of the dust so shall we share the fate of the dust, and as we are of the spirit so shall we share the immortal hope of the spirit. "Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was, but the spirit shall return unto God, who gave it."

II.

Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.
MATT. v. 8.

JESUS is seated on the Mount of Olives just outside the city of Jerusalem preaching to the crowds of people that have gathered on the hillsides. It is when the disciples have taken their places near him that the Master begins the teaching which we in our day know as the Sermon on the Mount. In the different faces turned up to his, Jesus reads their several life stories. He sees persons before him who have lived quietly and humbly, men and women who have loved peace and striven to increase it in their homes. He sees the strongly marked faces of those who have borne sorrow for the sake of a true life, of those who have been laughed to scorn, because they had dared to stand for the Christ. To all of these Jesus speaks words of strength and hopefulness which, coming from a life that has known sorrow, go straight home to the hearts of his hearers. But of all the blessings that the Master utters there is none so calm and clear and peaceful

as that of our text: "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." It is a bold saying, "shall see God."

We have read stories of olden time where saints by their strict self-discipline, through sleepless nights, through fasting and constant prayer have seemed to be lifted out of their earthly life and have seen heavenly visions. In the Acts of the Apostles we read how Stephen as he was being stoned to death declared that he saw the heavens open, disclosing Christ with the Father. We know how Gideon, in the Bible legend, as he was threshing wheat to save it from the Midianites, saw the angel of the Lord face to face; and how, in another story, Manoah cried out in fright fearing he would die, because verily he had seen God.

But all this must have been very far from the mind of Jesus when he said that the pure in heart should see God. In *his* thought to see God was not to behold him with the bodily eye.

If any of his disciples had asked Jesus if they could really see God out of their eyes, the Master would have replied in the words of John's Gospel, "No man hath seen God at any time." No, in this sense we cannot see God any more than we can see the life-spirit that makes the flower bloom or the tree spread forth its branches.

Again, we cannot believe that Jesus in this promise that the pure in heart should see God referred simply to the life after this earthly one. The religion of Jesus as we know it from his teachings was practical. Lofty as it was, it was fitted for daily life. His precepts were such that men could put them in use at the very instant of hearing them. Thus when the Master gave the promise that the pure in heart should see God, he did not mean simply you who are of pure heart shall in the life to come behold the Father, but more than this, — you who are pure in your daily actions, in thought and speech and deed, you shall see God here on earth; right in your own households, if your house shelters pure lives; right in the midst of your business cares, if your business is carried out on pure principles; yes, in the very thick of your busy work-day life, if your purpose is clean and high and honorable, you shall see God.

And now how is it that we can say that we can see God? Turn to the best memories of your own life, — to the moments when you have been really true to the tasks you knew were rightfully yours. Perhaps you recall some little matter where your honor was at stake. You owed a small sum of money, — a very petty sum. Perhaps the person to whom you owed it did not really need it; — perhaps he had forgotten all about it; you had not forgotten, and to be true to

yourself you were bound to pay it. Though no one ever might have known the difference, you felt a call upon you to pay that debt. You despised the easy and cheap advice of those about you who cried, "Keep still;" who told you that honor was but a name; that men are not expected to be saints; that no matter how men act, it will make no difference fifty years hence. With your determination to do what your heart counselled as right you felt how cowardly such worldly cries were, and you left them in contempt to die away in the air. You heard a voice that was true say to you, "Hold fast! I, Honor, am far more than a name. I have a divine right to rule in your heart. Whatever your rank or place in life, you are so to act as to be depended upon. Stand, there!" And when you have stood as honor demanded, what has been the result? Have you not felt a peace that the circumstances of life could not shake, — yes, a true, inward peace that you know could not be bought with a price, which was far and away above all that physical ease or leisurely enjoyment could give? And what was it that made this inward contentment so true and secure? Truly, nothing less than the very presence of God in you. You stood calm and content because you stood with him; your heart was at rest because it had, in accepting his call to duty, accepted him. In being true to yourself, you were true to him. In obeying the voice

of honor, you felt the Divine presence. Through the manliness of your action, through the purity of your heart, you felt God, you knew God, and so did you not truly see him? And as with honor, so with those other feelings that you and I and all men know to be worthy, — the feelings of charity, sympathy, love, — all these enter into purity of heart. Purity of heart is purity of life, and according as we live it out in high lives we find the strength of the divine life coming into ours, fitting us to be braver over each new temptation.

Oh, my friends, is not this the beautiful truth that Jesus taught to those who followed him? The pure in heart should see God not through the outward vision; but they should feel his holy presence in their hearts, and by this presence they should know him. To see God, so far as one is pure, is to see him not with the outward eye, but with the inward eye of the soul.

Do you say that this message of Jesus, that the pure in heart should see God, is meant more for the quiet walks of life than for the rougher? That it is well enough for the Church, but not for the world of men? There can be no greater mistake than to suppose this.

The preaching of Jesus was not for certain conditions of life or for special little circles of men and

women. He did not devote his life to a church, or to a sect, or a party. He spoke straight out to all men: his words went from the hill-top, and struck into all places; they were meant for the haggling selfishness of the market and the street as well as for the quiet of the fireside. When he said, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God," it was true for the battle of life itself, — true for the daily struggles in our big cities, where men and women grow weary and haggard and heartsick over the fight for food and lodging. It is just here that we want to find God, and feel him, and see him. It is just in the noise and tumult and rush of life that this message of Jesus comes with greatest strength. It tells us that if we will keep our thoughts fixed on things that are high, keep our will steadfast upon doing faithfully each little duty, and trust to the divine light within us, the peace that passeth understanding will come, — yes, in the midst of the harshest noises of the day.

We have seen now what the Master meant when he said that the pure in heart should *see* God; and now cannot we understand why he used the words, "Blessed — blessed are the pure in heart"? Blessed are you when through devoted lives you see God. For is not the peace of God its own blessing? When we have the feeling that near us, even in heart-break-

ing moments, there is a Father who will take our heart-secrets when there is no human soul for us to unbosom them to, — a Father who really is a fountain of strength to us, if we will only take of the water of life that he offers us; if we can feel and see that Father, who would guide us as his children, then we are indeed blessed.

Again, with this peace we are blessed because we feel ourselves to be one with all the world of pure hearts that are doing God's will. And what a beautiful thought that is! We are not away from the best of life; we are not looking on from the outside. No, we are a part of it; we are working hand in hand and shoulder to shoulder with those who work in the light of the same great peace, under the touch of the same life-giving hand, under the watch of the same all-seeing eye. There are cares that crowd upon us, there are troubles that come like pouring rain; but trustingly bearing them, we shall feel the companionship of those who are meeting just such troubles and cares for the same good cause; and in the endurance of things that are hard to bear we understand something of the lives of the brave and true that have gone before us. When, with the divine peace that obedience to duty brings, we are brave in accepting a harder earthly lot, we feel the glory that must have filled the martyr who

went to the stake for that peace. These men, — the apostles, the martyrs, — with all they dared, with all they endured, belong to us, when we dare to stand erect with our God in the little daily martyrdom of life. Yes, blessed are we when the peace of God dwells in us, for we can endure.

Further, does it not seem to you that the pure in heart are blessed because they can look at life purely, — look at it, as it were, out of God's eyes? Not that the pure-hearted are blind to the selfishness and greed and sin in the world; far from it. The higher we train our lives, the more hideous sin must become to us, the more intense the desire to fight against it. Rather, I mean that the pure in heart look for the good that is in life, and it is they who can find it, though often it lurk under the thick covering of evil. When a man is intensely selfish, given up to thinking only of himself, he must always think of others as selfish; he expects selfishness; he looks for it before all else in the men with whom he is dealing. The man who is given over to sharp practice is always on the look-out to prevent other men from cheating him. And how often we see the fearful anxiety of the suspicious man! He is in constant agony: every soul he meets he suspects; through the uneasiness of his own heart the first thing he looks for in others is to see if there is a trace of suspicion of

his person in their faces or their manner. The woman who cannot fix her mind on anything higher than criticising her neighbor's affairs, who talks meanly when her neighbor's back is turned, must look upon others as though they too spent their time in just this way. As our heart is, so we look upon the life about us. The man who is pure in heart is glad to look for whatever is pure. His first thought on meeting a fellow-man is not that of suspicion, of uneasiness, of jealous self-guard. Rather, he meets him squarely and honestly, ready to take him at his best. He expects a fair response; he believes that men are capable one and all of being high-minded and pure in thought, and for these high feelings he is on the look-out. In a word, the pure in heart looks upon life as though God were in it, as he truly is.

And finally, are not the pure in heart blessed because they not only look for the good in life as well as work for it, but also because by their very desire to find out the good they really increase it? Feeling the peace of God's presence, they shed it abroad. My friends, can we not see the truth of this every day, — yes, right in our streets? We can tell the pure in heart by the very light of the face. Sometimes it is a gladsome, fair face, outspoken; or it is the sadder face of the Madonna; or the face may not be beautiful, — it may be pinched and careworn

and lined; but we can tell when the lines have been creased by the bearing of care for duty's sake. We are not deceived by the lines on that face. There are lines that come into the criminal's face, — into the faces of those who live loosely and faithlessly, of those whose hearts are impious and impure: we can tell these. But the face that has the lines of persecution for righteousness' sake shows us again the story of the Cross, and that face strengthens us. There is a serenity there that is only found in the fire of Christ-like suffering. It is beautiful, this face, in spite of its careworn, furrowed cheeks, for it is warmly rich in spirit. As it has seen God through the purity of its life, it helps us to feel him and see him too; it is blessed. It was on just such faces that Jesus looked, as he sat that day on the Mount of Olives and uttered his blessings. He spoke these blessings for all time. They were for us, my friends, as well as for the men and women of Judea. The voice still calls to us; the promise is ours. Shall we live pure lives for God's sake? Shall we accept and obey the high feelings he has planted in our hearts? Shall we choose to seek his peace, to feel his presence, to see him, and, having seen him, to give out his peace in our own lives? The Spirit cries, "If ye so do, blessed are ye!"

III.

I will lay down my life for thy sake. — JOHN xiii. 37.

THESE are Peter's words. It was at Jerusalem at the time of the last supper. The disciples were gathered in the large upper room of the house that Jesus had chosen, to take for the last time with their Master the bread and wine of the passover. The disciples, it would seem, felt the seriousness of this visit to the holy city. True, their Master had been greeted with hosannas, and his path made glad with the palm branches; but those who so rejoiced were but a small part of the people, and a despised lot too, in the eyes of those in authority. The glad voice of the publican and the sinner only made the jealousy and distrust of the Pharisee the more bitter. If Jesus had entered the gates in triumph it was to meet his death the more speedily. Jesus confirmed this foreboding as he sat at table with his followers, and broke the bread with them.

We can picture the solemnity of this meeting. At such a time the faces of all must have been

turned full upon his, their eyes on his, their whole minds bent to receive his thoughts and to make them their own. We can well believe that the words which Jesus uttered entered deep into hearts that could never forget them. It was an evening of sadness and of awe, of love and reverence. After the passover was eaten Jesus rose from the table, and despite the remonstrances of Peter, performed that simple and lowly act so in harmony with his life-work. Girding a towel about him, he washed his disciples' feet, showing that even as he had been a servant to mankind, so they in their several ministries could lead men only by serving them. And then, as if to gather all his past teaching into one great thought, he spoke those few words which have such a fulness and reach to-day: "A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another; as I have loved you that ye also love one another. By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another."

Then Peter, quick, impetuous, with that suddenness of speech that singled him out among the disciples, declared his loyalty. Jesus had said to him, "Whither I go thou canst not follow me;" and Peter answered, "Lord, why cannot I follow thee? I will lay down my life for thy sake."

In the early morning, as we know, Jesus was

betrayed into the hands of the Jews, and every disciple fled.

It is one of the mysteries that the history of the times has brought down to us. This little band of followers, who in their Master's name had sacrificed what men hold dear, who had turned their faces from home and bade good-by to friends and kindred to follow him they loved to call their Lord, they, whose lives had been tempered in his service to endure reproaches and persecution, — these men, when the hour of trial came, fled like so many timid sheep. Where was that love, that fealty, that devotion that had so filled them with manful purpose only a few hours before? Where was Peter?

The Gospel tells us that after the disciples had forsaken Jesus and fled, Peter followed his Master afar off. Perhaps in his flight the thought of his weakness shamed him and checked him; or perhaps the very fear of what was to come made him turn, for he did turn, and at a distance followed Jesus and his captors to the high-priest's palace. He even entered with the throng, and mingling with the servants waited anxiously to see what would follow. And we know what did follow: how he was recognized by the servants, and how, fearful of his life, he declared in the very presence of his Master, "I know not the man of whom you speak."

An impulsive soul, such as Peter's, easily gives way to remorse. It would seem that as soon as he uttered his cowardly denial, the consciousness of his weakness came upon him. What a contrast between the impetuous self-surrender at the supper and the measured words of this hour, — "I will lay down my life for thy sake;" "I know not the man of whom you speak"! There is no reason to believe that the brave words of the evening of the passover were spoken otherwise than from the very depths of Peter's nature. In that hour of intense earnestness, when the fuller meaning of all that his Master had said and done in his ministry was made manifest, the spirit of the apostle was exalted, and he felt that he could make any sacrifice were it for that Master's sake; but at the actual hour of trial, at the test minute, this heightened spirit had ebbed. Peter was a frail man; the body was master of the soul.

As we think over this story of Peter, do we not find it typical of the life that many of us are leading from day to day? I do not mean that the arrant faithlessness of Peter is characteristically human; by no means. History shows her armies of saints and martyrs who stood with their Christ; and our daily life, with all its conceits and follies, is full of brave souls who are living for him to-day. No, it is not

the faithlessness of Peter that I would call so human-like, but rather the striking contrast of confident strength and actual weakness. Like Peter, we have our moments of exaltation, when the spirit is fervent, when our purposes are high, when we are above circumstance, and are afraid of nothing. At such moments we rejoice in our strength; we resolve to devote our lives to the accomplishing of our purposes; yes, if need be, lay down our lives. And then of a sudden, or it may be gradually, there is a sorrowful ebbing of the spirit, that strength that had upheld us fades out, outward circumstances assert themselves, and then, like Peter, unmindful of our better moments, we become the creatures of the hour.

I have said that like Peter we have our moments of enthusiasm when the call to brave and true action meets a ready response; when we feel impelled to obey what at the time makes a demand upon us. Perhaps it is the influence of a strong example in daily life that stirs us, — an example, say, of simple, patient devotion to duty. Run back a little in your own life. Take that very common experience where you have seen persons in far less advantageous circumstances than yours nevertheless doing what they had to do with patience. You can find the hero or the heroine in the field or in the mines, in the home, in

the factory. Go into the mill where acres of looms are crashing, and there is one continual racket. You notice how the weavers stand hour after hour watching the maze of threads as they wind from the bobbins; stopping the great machine at the call of a single thread, and how often the threads break! A quick eye is needed, instant response of nimble fingers, and trained nerves to stand the fearful noise. You wonder at the patience of this woman whose loom is working badly. You feel that if you were in her place you would go distracted. True, the weaver is quite used to her work, her nerves are less sensitive than yours; but what of that, has not she her hundred worries. A slip in the work means danger ahead for her. Her comfort in life depends upon the whirl of the bobbin and the darting of the shuttle; and the bobbin and shuttle must be watched with a jealous eye. Let her work fall below the mark in quantity of yards woven, or in quality of texture, and the door of the mill is, perhaps, closed upon her. There are hundreds of applicants ready to take her place if she cannot hold it with the best. And then, besides, she is patient under so many hardships. The room is stuffy, there is next to no chance at fresh air and less at sunshine, and to stand all day is hard enough for a man. Yet, so far as you see, and if your eyes are open you have seen such cases often,

she does her work without murmuring; there are obstacles to be overcome minute after minute, and she overcomes them. Perhaps you go away with a feeling that here you have found a truer patience than your own life can show. You may feel that in justice to that woman, if to no other human being, you must show yourself in your work as patient as she is in hers. Yes, you will be patient hereafter, happen what may. When your work is tiresome, you say to yourself, you will not make it more so by whimpering; when you are tempted to fly into anger, or to break out in complaining, you will set your teeth and clinch your hands and hold on to yourself. At such moments as these you read with a deal of satisfaction such words as Peter used, "I will lay down my life for thy sake." Have we not all of us had such strenuous moments? But, alas! how short a time is the spirit the master! A new day and a disappointment comes, some little difficulty that we had not counted upon, a friend has not arrived whom we wanted to see, or a man has come in whom we did n't care to see, and then good-by to our patience and its inspiration. We are annoyed and vexed, and we show it plainly. Then the old adage proves itself, that whereas philosophy may triumph over past and future ills, present ills triumph over philosophy. The disappointment masters us, and yet as we fret our

time away, there still goes on within a stone's throw of us, from minute to hour, day by day, the quiet, constant, courageous work of souls whose cares are heavier, perhaps, than ours, — work which, as we saw it, brought upon us the mingled sense of admiration and shame; patient work which at the time seemed to spur us on to renewed activity in our own vocation. Ours was a manly purpose to live a more manly life, if only in regard to this one virtue patience, and now a trifling difficulty throws us off the track.

We can smile, perhaps, when children fall short of accomplishing their breathless ambitions, rejoicing that they have such wealth of enthusiasm, no matter what fruit it brings forth. But we are not children. Experience has given balance to our minds and responsibilities direction to our lives. The time is passed when we can excuse our caprice of spirit or expect others to look lightly upon it. Our lives are measured not so much by the ideals that we frame for ourselves, as by the constancy with which we live up to them. If our lives are to be heightened at this moment only to be depressed at the next, if the inspiration of the hour that is past cannot aid us in bearing what the next hour may bring forth, we are justly called weak. Can we say in the morning, "I *will* be patient!" and in the shadow of the evening

when disappointment comes, "I cannot be patient!" Can we say this and respect ourselves as we would have others respect us? And as with patience, so with other qualities, — patriotism, courage, truthfulness, cheerfulness, charity, and love. How the spirit flows and ebbs! You see, perhaps, as never before, the importance of doing your part, even though it be a small one, and you resolve to do what you can. But time with its cares rolls on, and that bit of your heart that was to be devoted to Christian aid in the leisure moment, is not responsive to the call. You go to church, and there is something in the stillness of the communion that touches and lifts you. You may have had some sad experience that has weighted your heart or made you think more soberly. The deep tones of the organ thrill you, and you seem to rise into another and higher self; or, perhaps, there is an inspiring word in the hymn or a comforting thought in the prayer. You feel that till now you did not know the depths of your own nature. You feel how near the men and women about you are to you. They too are met for the same communion, to offer a prayer to the same God, their Father and your Father. They really help you in your devotion, — so, perhaps, you help them. You feel now what persons have often said, and how true it is, that men and women are in the world here to work with one

another and help and inspire one another. You believe, indeed, that love is the greatest thing in the world. You have not loved as you could; you will henceforth. You feel that it would be a privilege to lay down your life for another. What an opportunity Peter missed! Oh, that we could keep this vision! If only in the six days of the crowded, rushing week we could carry with us the inspiration that we have found in our quiet moments of devotion! It is very humiliating, this grasping of the high purpose for one moment to set it aside at the next. There is more to be said than this. We have no right to set it aside. What do we mean when we say that we are stirred by the patience, say, of the weaver at her loom, — a patience greater than our own, that as we regard it, nerves *us* to work with equal calmness? What do we mean when we say that the history of our country inspires in us a more fervent patriotism, leading us to ever increasing respect for the soldier and the sailor, the husband and the wife who have helped carry this country through her crises, who have builded her up and left her to us, a priceless inheritance? What is this broadened sympathy that the needs of the unfortunate in a civilized community call forth? What is this love so transcendently greater than our own, but of which our little love is a part, the love that lifts us from our self-

centred lives into the larger relations of life, making us more sensible of the common interests and our responsibilities to them? What, I repeat, do we mean when we say that we are inspired by these examples of patience and of patriotism, of sympathy and love? Is it not that we have found these qualities in greater measure elsewhere than in our own lives, and that we find ourselves led irresistibly to recognize in the worth of these qualities their absolute fitness for the only manly life?

In the very idea of the greater and calmer patience there is a call to put aside the complaining spirit that so ill becomes us; in the light of a truer patriotism we have done with the notion that we can be careless of the interests of our country; in the strength of a greater love and sympathy we spurn those ends that tend to make a breach between us and our fellowmen, and we unite as children of a common Father, — to help one another; to love one another even as Jesus commanded: "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples that ye have love one to another." In the approach to these larger and nobler qualities we really find our true selves. In a word, when we are inspired, as we daily are by some example of thoughtfulness, or of goodness, or of holiness, it means that we have so far made an approach to the stature and fulness of the perfect manhood to

which God is calling us. Having once entered upon the larger life, then, it is not only humiliating, but we have no right to desert it, to shrink back into the narrow compass of our smaller selves. Should we do this, do we not deny our God just as Peter in the house of the high priest at Jerusalem denied his Master?

We justly condemn Peter, but look for a moment at what Peter did after speaking those nine cold words, "I know not the man of whom you speak." When the fearful comparison forced itself upon him of what he was and what he might have been, how he had surrendered what was true for what was false and illusory, that saving his life in this manner was nothing less than losing it, — with this consciousness what did he do? Like a man he faced the high ideals that he had betrayed, he devoted his life to the service of his fellow-men; and it is to the glory of the apostle that in the end he literally fulfilled his exclamation of the night of the passover, — "I will lay down my life for thy sake."

If, then, we have failed to be as loyal to our purposes uttered at our best moments, it remains for us to make a good stand at once and try to carry them out, and strive to hold our lives up to the level of the highest impulses within us. If we have been touched by a truer patience than ours, ought we not

to be more patient than we have been? We will use a little heart, a little will, and be patient. If we are inspired to a deeper love of country, whether from the monuments of her heroes or from the activity of the brave men and women who are living for her to-day, we too must be strong in *our* service to this land.

And finally, if we are inspired to kindle a more fervent and wide reaching love, and to trust in our fellow-man and in our God, let us hold firmly to these thoughts. The moments in which we feel our kinship to our neighbor are the true moments of life. There is no illusion here; rather it comes when we think that we are working alone and are sufficient to ourselves. No, men are knit together in a living society, — each should have his place and his appointed work. As a matter of fact, many are out of their places, and the harvests are not extensive enough for the reapers, and these are problems to be faced. Paul was not extravagant when he said that man was the temple of God.

Let us be strong then; if we have entered upon a larger life let us hold to it; let us devote ourselves to being loyal to it; yes, let us lay down our lives rather than return to the lower plane which we have left. We are not to be drawn away by that common cry "It is not expected of you." True, it may be

hard, but it *is* expected of us; and more than this, for the best of humanity takes up the ringing words and endorses them, "Be ye perfect, even as your Father in heaven is perfect." The ideal is high, despairingly high, but ought we not to be glad that it is given us to hold such an ideal; thankful that a life has been lived of such wonderful approach to perfection, as to encourage and stimulate us; thankful, too, that in the rush of hourly cares we can still see the work of brave men and women whose lives are founded on the principles that look for perfection, — that make for perfection; men and women who out of their weakness conjure strength, who out of apparent rout organize victory, who, in devotion to the dictates of honor and love are living out the words of Peter, "I will lay down my life for thy sake."

IV.

And there are also many other things which Jesus did.
JOHN xxi. 25.

IT is seldom that phrases of this character catch us and hold us and make us think. They are too common; we pass them by as the familiar conventions that follow the close of a story. I say follow the close of a story; that is, they are superfluous,—they really add nothing new to it; they are but the apology for things left unsaid. Yet there is something very suggestive in these particular words that bring in the end of the fourth gospel; there is something more here than the "and so forth" ring. If we have read the New Testament appreciatively, if we have opened our hearts to it, we shall find in this brief recognition of the many other things which Jesus did the real secret of his influence. It is clear enough; and each one of us who is at all earnest has guessed it for himself. But here in the Gospel of John, in these ten or a dozen words, we have the first formal statement; namely, we must read between the lines of the gospel story. The untold

of Jesus' life is greater than what is told; and not only so, but the untold can never be told. The writer of the fourth gospel, like all other loving writers on the life of Christ, had a warmer and deeper conception of his Master than his pen could possibly give us. It was not any lack of spirit or devotion on the part of the evangelist, but a want of capacity. The incidents of Jesus' life crowded thick on his memory; but his hand could strike off only the bold outlines of the living study that was in his heart. This is plain at the first reading; the larger facts are faithfully put down. He takes the stirring scenes in Galilee and Samaria, and he dwells with earnest emphasis upon the black drama of the Judean ministry, — Gethsemane, the last supper with its tender humility, the crucifixion, and (the most beautiful of all) the Easter stories. So Matthew, Mark, and Luke take us along in that life's journey from one great milestone to another. It is the striking facts that are recorded from the birth of our Saviour to the resurrection. We do not complain; we are thankful that we have as much as we have. Still how fragmentary the gospels thus are! We are led into the borderland of a new country with a glorious prospect, and lo! the mist settles down upon us, and we have to grope our way; we have a hint of some great truth, some far-reaching precept,

and it is left to our conscience to fill it out; the kingdom of God is revealed in successive flashes of deep thought, and then is lost in the commonplaces of Jewish tradition; in a word, the incidents that make up our gospels, however inspiring, are for the most part but suggestions of the wealth of the life of Jesus. The pictures are but partial pictures; and it is for us to fill them out, as we truly can, when we bring to our fancy the many other things which Jesus did. Think for a moment! There were thirty long years before that memorable baptism in Jordan. Were those years free from doubt and wearing hesitation and seemingly vain prayer? Were there not crucifixion days and transfiguration days, — hours when the spirit was weary and hours when the spirit could remove mountains, hours when Jesus was alone and hours when the Father was with him? The disciples at the opening of his ministry heard the story of the temptation in the wilderness; but little did they know, or could they know, of the many other things that gave to that strenuous resistance its assured result. The temptation in the wilderness, — why, what was it but the very sum of all the temptations that had beset his path to that time? Peter and the other disciples saw Jesus heal the sick; they tried to do as he did, and failed. What was the secret of the healing? Was it a

trick, a peculiar word or tone, the magic touch of a hand? No; it was the whole current of a life which found expression in the healing, — a life which, deeply as the disciples loved, they had not fathomed. The healing was but the fruit of the many other things that Jesus did; it was less a miracle than the natural working of a real sympathy fostered through many a silent tragedy in Jesus' early days, tempered in hours of loneliness and trial long before he heard the voice of John the Baptist. So in his declared ministry the sacrifices that have come down to us must be read in the light of the many other things which Jesus did that prepared the way for these sacrifices. The successive days brought no new experience; the cross of Calvary was but the last of a weary series of crosses that he had learned to accept.

Does not this thought, which the life of Jesus so clearly brings out, give you strength, — the thought that the best of your life, if lived well, is not to be proclaimed or published in a book, but is to work, as God intends it to work, silently, slowly, but irresistibly, not only to influence other lives in ways you may not know, but to give new vigor and soundness to your own life. Men see, perhaps, your more startling struggles, take notice whether you win or lose; but how little they know of your determination to be

modest and humble in spite of success; or better, of your brave spirit not to be discouraged if you have fought and lost. To fight and lose, and then to conjure out of the apparent failure strength to battle anew, — why, that is the finest kind of victory. And the best of these fights are fought out in your own room, and with the companionship of yourselves alone. This is not fancy. The finest dispositions are wrought out of daily struggles. You know how true this is. You know persons who are supposed to have been born with a sweet temperament, whom the world calls naturally good and generous men and women, who could not help being what they ought to be, and all the time the world is blind. It has seen the triumph of the cross; it has not seen the suffering. It has not seen what from its nature cannot be seen, the loneliness of self-discipline. It has not seen the sense of humiliation at the weakening of will, and the grim determination to make a bolder stand and wipe out the defeat. It has not seen the crushing down of the selfish, hasty impulse, — so human but so wondrous, — the dashing aside of small conceit and mean thoughts. The world has not heard the earnest prayers for daily strength for daily needs. The struggles, the determination, the perseverance, the prayers, — these are the many other things that so often are the secret of the sweet

disposition that is tempered to bear the test at the test-moment. It is these many other things that make the most sacred communion of man with God.

It is true that there comes to me often a questioning as to the worth of these silently fought out battles, and so a weariness. It is hard to look into our hearts and prove the worth of the many endeavors for a good life that nobody knows anything about but ourselves, — it is hard. But can we not bring the truth deep home to us when we call to mind some one we know well, — whom we love? What makes a mother's memory dear to you? It is of course because she is your mother. But what does this mean? It is not that she has spoken to you or of you thus and so, — perhaps you cannot recall a single sentence from her lips; it is not that she has done some great thing, — made a special sacrifice for your sake; it is not that persons around you sound her praises, — you would rather not hear her name too loudly spoken: but it is truly the memory of the many other things that she has done by which your love judges her, — things that your heart feels, but which your words are too few and too feeble to tell, and your hands too cramped to write. Her memory is dear because each glance was a mother's glance; and even in her rebuke there

was the mother's constant care. It was the fact of her existence day on day that told on your young lives. It was trust in her that made trust an anchor in your life. Love became real to you through a mother's love. Explain it? Why, you can't explain it. The evangelist could not explain the mystery of his Master; but we feel what he meant when he breathlessly fell back on the many other things which Jesus did. Is it not the many, many other things unchronicled, known perhaps to you alone on earth, and which you cherish the more because they are unknown, — is it not these that transfigure the memory of a mother and a friend?

Yes, it is when the Christ nature is so taken up into one's character that it permeates its least expression that there must be, whether we see it or not, the enduring influence. You may find it true in your peaceful home life; you may go into the crash of battle, and find it true there. Probably no two men had a greater influence in the Confederate army than Robert E. Lee and Stonewall Jackson. Lee was a general with a discerning mind, a genius for plotting out a campaign, and a stout heart to follow up his mind; but it was the influence of the many other things, expressed in his goodness, his Christian character, that won his soldiers to him; and when we read our magazines to-day it is the *man* Lee that

is towering far over the temporary victories and wrecks of his fought-out plans, or the tales of his charges and retreats. And so with Jackson. There was no more dashing division commander in the war; but the picture of Jackson plodding along the Virginia woods reading his Bible in the saddle comes nearer to the secret of his influence. The meanest soldier could not but respect his unflinching loyalty, his unswerving obedience to a high sense of duty, in little things and great, from sunrise to sunset. He could stand like a stone wall, not simply in the field, but in the many other things which he did, even to the ruling of his own spirit.

Take this truth to yourself, for it is yours. Just as truly the many other things that fill out the content of your individual lives, if directed with a high aim, must cast their influence in the circles in which you live. Surely it is a blessed hope to cherish that somewhere and at some time your brave endeavors, your resistance to temptation, your endurance, your patience, your quiet self-sacrifice, your calm faith, has strengthened some one that sadly needed strength, — a blessed hope that some one has been made happier from your having lived in the world.

There is a very sombre and terrible truth, too, about the many other things that one does. I have been speaking about the silent working of the untold

endeavors that bring one a little nearer heaven. It is often hard, as I have said, to look into our hearts and weigh the full significance of this untold endeavor; but it is not so hard, as our consciences tell us, to feel the significance of the lack of endeavor, or the endeavor in a false or an evil cause. It is terrible when it comes on a man with a rush that his life has been a failure, — when he sees his past days as so much preparation for a storm that would have to break. How little other men who read of his wreck know why the storm has come! They see only surface facts; they put their finger on this transaction of last year and this stroke of business this year, and they add and subtract, and form a foregone conclusion. But the man who has failed feels the truth which his neighbors cannot see. He has failed, not because this particular scheme did not go through as he had planned, not because the friend disappointed him at the critical moment, not because of failing health, or inherited weaknesses, — these may all have played their part; but back of them all there is the ghost of the many other things which he did that will not be gone. It was because he had not held his own as a man in the daily and hourly battle with his own nature, because he did not strive with all vigor of purpose to put the devil of his own selfishness behind him, so that now the damning influ-

ence of these many other things mocks him, and he would give the world to undo what is fatally secure, to forget what cannot be forgotten. History's walls are hung with such pictures, — great wrecks of men who ought to have moved the world, but who trampled upon their opportunities. Why did not Mirabeau magnetize the masses in the French Revolution? He had influence at court, and he spoke for the people, and his eloquence as one reads it seems irresistible. Was it not because the man, with all his power, despite his talent, was not heart and soul with the cause he represented? He could not control the sensuality of his own nature; it controlled him. He was a patriot; but he had to satisfy his own selfish fancies and cater to his own vices; and these were the thirty pieces of silver that betrayed his own soul.

Mirabeau failed through the many other things which he did. His fall is tragic because it is so human. We know it and feel it. We too have often deceived ourselves, — not with the elaborate crimes of Mirabeau, but in giving way to subtle selfishness which we ought to have crushed down, in living in the light of a self-satisfaction that deadens the soul.

How often we look upon the casual duty of the hour performed as a license for many other things

that have no sort of kinship with duty. The true life will not submit to a balance of accounts. We cannot live a grasping, money-loving life, and cancel its selfishness with a gift to a hospital. The hospital may need the money; but it needs us with it. We become the true philanthropist, not by reason of the gift, or the generous action of Monday or Tuesday, but by reason of the many other things which find their natural fruit in the gift or the action; and the best philanthropist is he whose influence silently works, who does good without making any talk about it, who is satisfied that he is working in the fellowship of the divine Spirit. That is enough.

May the thought with which I started help you, then! Hold to the quiet daily resolve to make the best out of your life, — through perseverance and suffering hold to it; it must tell. It is no concern of yours that you cannot see the results. Little ought it affect you if your neighbor does not appreciate your effort. That can be endured. If there is any reality in life, if there is any order in the world, if there is any foundation for religion, your effort for the good, even in the fire of suffering, even if looked upon by men as evil, even if not regarded by men at all, such effort must

tell. There were burdens borne by Jesus which, if you were known to bear, would make men call you a Christ. And yet what man ever knew the weight of those silent burdens? The larger part of his thirty years' life has come down to us merely as "the many other things which he did."

V.

I pray not that thou shouldest take them out of the world, but that thou shouldest keep them from the evil. — JOHN xvii. 15.

IN mediæval days it was a common thing for a man who wished to live a religious life to enter a monastery. He gave up his trade, sold his goods, bade good-by to his friends, turned his back on home and kindred, and hence on the world. Once in the order, he took the vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience. He would share without complaining the frugal fare of the brethren; he would keep himself unspotted from the world, and obey to the least letter the dictates of his superior. The earnest monk, — and I am not speaking now of sham monasteries and hypocritical brethren, — the earnest monk moulded his life on the severest lines. Believing that the health of the body was detrimental to the well-being of the soul, he disciplined this body by wearing the coarsest of garments, by excessive fasting, and by the scourging of the lash. The body thus mortified would not triumph over the spirit; and the spirit in turn, freed from the dominion of

the flesh, could be devoted to the higher life. The times fostered this ascetic idea. In the dark ages Europe was in a state of flux. The Germans had overrun the old Roman Empire; the great peoples were having a life-and-death struggle for land and settlement, and violence was the order of the day. It was quite natural for men who wished to devote themselves to letters or meditation, religious study, and prayer to flee from the crash of arms and the din of battle, and seek the peace and quiet of the cloister. Further, the prevailing religious ideas of the day tended in no small measure to make hermits of men. Instead of gathering life from the simple and inspiring teachings of Jesus, those holy men inherited a gloomy mixture of Greek philosophy, Jewish tradition, and Church doctrine. From the third century on the Church had been taken up with the letter and the form of Christianity rather than the life. Council after council was called to discuss the person of Christ and the nature of man. One party held to the simpler Messianic thought of Jesus that the gospels of Matthew, Mark, and Luke reveal; another insisted upon the more elaborate idea of the pre-existent Christ, as outlined in Paul's Epistles; but it remained for Athanasius to take the final step, and in the year 325 the absolute equality and co-substantiality of the Son and the Father was

insisted upon, hardened into a doctrine, and in spite of the protests of the larger part of the Christian world this doctrine was declared to be the test of church-membership. The Church doctrine of the atonement, of which there is not even a hint in the life and teachings of Jesus, but which the idea of a pre-existent Christ engendered, became the more insisted upon by this exaltation of Christ to the Godhead. The increased majesty of the atoning sacrifice, while it might show forth the love of God for his people, could not but imply the desperate wickedness of the world that thus required such a sacrifice. The nature of man became shadowed in the blackest hues. The primitive myth in Genesis of the fall of man became corrupted into a dogma utterly unworthy of a Christian spirit; and the early years of the fifth century found the monk Augustine riveting upon the religious world the iron-clad conception of the total depravity of human nature.

This was to a greater or less degree the received doctrine of the Middle Ages: That man inherited not only inherent corruption, but positive guilt; that he was helpless, — yes, morally dead, — and could be saved only by the arbitrary will of God. What was the result? As flesh and matter were evil, as man was corrupt, as well as the very times themselves, the tendency was away from the world,

— avoidance of society, seclusion from mankind. True, the prevailing theology served in some measure to incite the monks in the West to go forth from the cloisters to help humanity; but the general drift, especially in the East, was quite in the other direction. The door of the monastery was the door out of the world. In the quiet of his cell the monk sought the peace of his own soul, while he prayed for the souls of those whose presence he avoided.

False as this conception of the religious life seems to us, we must not be too hard upon these monks of old. We have much to be thankful for in their seclusion. They were the scholars of the Middle Ages; they fed the feeble ray of learning, which the confusion and violence of the time would have quenched; and it is through their patience and perseverance that we have preserved to us to-day our Horace and our Cicero, and the whole range of the ancient classics. In their spiritual devotion they were dead in earnest. They believed that their way of serving God was the best way. At all events, their sincerity and unswerving zeal are a rebuke to us to day. But giving them all justice, we are bound to say that this mediæval conception of a religious life is an utterly false one; that from coping to foundation stone it is subversive of the plainest, the simplest principle of Christianity.

And what is the simplest principle of Christianity? This, — that man is the child of God, hence men are all of one family. Or as Jesus put it, — and the old monks had the words before them in their Latin parchments just as we have them in Anglo-Saxon Bibles to-day, — "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and with all thy soul and with all thy strength and with all thy mind and thy neighbor as thyself." Simple words without an inch of doctrine in them. Nay, Jesus says elsewhere that on these two precepts hang all the Law and the Prophets, meaning by that, that unless man showed his devotion to God through service to his neighbor, all the machinery of the Law, the words of the Prophets, ritual, rubric, creed, and doctrine, — could avail him nothing. It was the very love of man for man that Jesus insisted upon, irrespective of class and condition. This is clear from the story that follows the words we have quoted: how the Samaritan cared for the wounded traveller when the priest and Levite passed him by. The priest and the Levite were cunningly taught in the Law, — they were born theologians; the Samaritan was an outcast from the Law. Yet it was the Samaritan that was the true neighbor; he was the true son of God because he loved his fellow-man. What mattered it if the Jew had his temple on Mount Moriah, while

the Samaritan reared his on Mount Gerizim? What mattered it if the Hebrew Bible was different from the Samaritan? Of what account was it that the Jew had kept himself exclusive, while the Samaritan had intermarried with foreign peoples? What were the petty questions of birth, race, nationality, and creed beside the one great principle, — the principle that makes up religion, — the love of God through the service of man? Or if, as Jesus so truly says, the kingdom of God is within us, then it is life's duty to serve our fellow-men with all our heart and with all our soul and with all our strength and with all our mind, to the end that humanity may become worthy of its calling. Here is nothing that will tend to withdraw us from our neighbor, but everything to draw us together. Here is nothing to carry us out of the world after the fashion of the mediæval monk, but everything to keep us in the world. Here is no hint of original sin and total depravity. In the warm sunshine of a pure Christianity we have nothing to do with this narrow idea which was bred in the candle-light of the Middle Ages. Jesus did not teach it; it would have contradicted his life's work. It is logically plain that were man by his nature incapable of good, he would not be responsible for sin, — nay, there could be no such thing as sin. Sin implies the ability to follow the right, and

a perverse surrender to the wrong. To say that man by nature is incapable of good is as illogical as to say that he is born incapable of evil. No sane man will admit the one or the other. For the good in life must be accounted for, as well as the evil. Rather man is endowed with a freedom of will whereby he may put himself in harmony with the laws of life and grow, or disregard them and weaken. It is in virtue of our power of self-development that we rightfully speak of ourselves as persons, in distinction from mere things. The truly Christian idea, then, is that man is endowed with an infinite possibility. A glance at history shows in some measure how man has been tending progressively along the line of this possibility. I say in some measure, for history is but the word of yesterday when applied to the universe. Man's equipment of powers, his senses, his emotions, his imagination, his mind, his heart, — these are inheritances from countless experiences far antedating history, experiences that are obscured by the impenetrable fog of the past. But science, reasoning from effect to cause, is ever making clear to us that the principle of life is one on our planet; that the mystery of lower forms of life is inseparably connected with the mystery of ours. And in this divine mystery need we be ashamed of our relationship with that which is to our minds

lower, conscious as we are of our kinship with the higher power through whom is all life?

We speak of the descent of man; ought we not to say the ascent? And what an awe-inspiring one it is, from the dark past, when life must have been helpless under the terror of the forces of Nature, to the sunlight that floods the first pages of our written history, where man is master of Nature, using her laws for the enlargement of his life, and finding in them ever less to fear, but more to wonder at.

And with the physical advances of men we see the steady growth of character, an ever deeper reverence for true manhood and gentle womanhood, a warmer regard for the virtues of life, — truth-telling, honor, and moral courage. So the ideas of God have come down to us purged of the gross attributes that the cruder ages have put upon it, and we have to-day not the God of terror, but the God of love, — the spirit that works in and through all life, whose all-wise power we can trust, of whose nature we are all partakers. It is not extravagant to say, then, that in the thought of man's wonderful progression, physical, moral, and religious, we have an intimation of man's infinite possibility. We speak too lightly and too often the words "only a man." Ah! it may be "only a hero," in the sight of one wiser than we. Gray, in the country churchyard, looking at

the mossy mounds of earth, gave us the lines that are so full of meaning: —

> "Some village Hampden that with dauntless breast
> The little tyrant of his fields withstood,
> Some mute, inglorious Milton here may rest, —
> Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood."

Yes, in the humblest soul there may glow that spirit that makes for name and glory in another. But whether or not the humblest soul is still a son of God, far be it from us to say "only a son of God." Who would say "only the ocean, only the stars, only the universe?" And is not the human soul as boundless? Yes, the infinite possibility that expresses itself in the hand of a Titian, the imagination of a Raphael, the music of a Shakspeare, and the love and self-sacrifice of a Jesus obtains in the least of our brethren; and our religion is a superstition if we cannot have faith in this possibility; our religion is vain if we cannot act as becomes this faith.

Instead of shrinking from our fellow-men, as being something corrupt, we are to draw near to one another through our natural union in God, and work heartily with one another. We are not to withdraw ourselves from the world, but above all else exercise our energies here and now in the world. It is in the very thick of life that the injured are to be

defended, the sick to be healed, the weak to be made strong, the strong to be inspired. It is in the world that there are wrongs to be righted, and rights to be guarded, false ideas to be fought, and ever higher ideals to be striven for. If we are to love and serve our fellow-man, we must be where our fellow-man is, take up with his joys and sorrows, meet our common dangers, shoulder our common burdens, and so worship in manly service our common God. This is the simple religion that Jesus taught, and which his whole life exemplified. He was active everywhere; and did he not associate with every class and condition of men, — with the doctors of the law in the Temple, dining with publicans and sinners, and taking up with the Samaritans, the worst of sinners in the eyes of the Jews? If ever there was a humanitarian it was Jesus of Nazareth. At the close of his ministry he prayed that the same spirit that had led him to work in the very thick of life might fill his disciples You remember the words: "I pray not that thou shouldest take them out of the world, but that thou shouldest deliver them from the evil."

And now we have seen the two conceptions of the religious life, — that of the mediæval monk, who, deeming man corrupt, fled from his presence out of the world; and that of Jesus, who, finding man

worthy of love, sought him where he might be found, — in the world.

When we apply these two conceptions to the religious life of to-day, do we not find with the ever-increasing influence of the simple teachings of Jesus traces still of the monastic spirit? And this is said with all reverence, and with due regard to the generous work that every church is doing to-day. Never, perhaps, more than to-day have the churches tended to work in the very centre of life. Their widespread missions are a proof of it; their Christian associations, their clubs for working men and working girls, their guilds of street boys, their free beds at hospitals, all make for that enlightened spirit of Christian co-operation, — the idea of working shoulder to shoulder, hand in hand, and heart to heart. But though the Church is thus a moving power in society, we cannot fail to recognize the fact that it is not the power it should be. In the case of the stricter churches we find a tendency among thinking men and women to drift away; and this drifting away is due to what I may call the old monastic spirit, or what is more generally called the refusal of the Church to give up old, crass traditions that the time has outgrown. And so it happens that while the stricter Church is nobly striving to work in the very centre of life, her ancient

doctrines are ever tending to withdraw her from the world. The very life she strives to engender is cramped by the dry letter, the meaningless form, the unessential rubric.

The old Augustinian idea of the innate guilt of man has been pried up by the lovers of progress, and done away with; but the marks of the iron are visible to-day, as is seen in so many churches where baptism is declared essential to salvation. But men feel that it is not what a man declares he believes that draws him to his God, but essentially the worth of the life he leads. Jesus said a tree is known by its fruits. So we are known, each by our fruits. The arbitrary division among men of the baptized and the unbaptized falls away before the real division in every time and place between the good men and the bad men.

So men are outgrowing the idea of the atoning sacrifice. It does not suit our ideas of justice; and we can trust our sense of justice, for it is through it that we can conceive of a just God. The atoning sacrifice substitutes the innocent for the guilty, and this our hearts will not tolerate. It is one thing to believe in a good God that suffers with his children, and quite another to conceive of an innocent victim suffering in their place. Our hearts tell us there is no mediator between God and man. God speaks

directly to man, and the heart of man is lifted directly to God.

The Church, standing as it does and as it always must for the highest ideals in society, should strive to broaden its thought with every advance in truth, that it may appeal not only to the hearts of men, but to their minds as well. Jesus said: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind." The Church, then, must seek after the truth, which is the manifestation of God, with all its mind, wherever it may be found; and if the traditional doctrines do not square with the truth they must go. There can be no compromise with truth, any more than there can be a white that is half black.

Yes, what men and women are thirsting for to-day is the living word that can give heart to the lowliest moments in life and inspire the highest. They want a religion that will touch the common needs, find in the questions that are worrying humanity to-day not only men's problems, but God's problems. They want a religion that will gather men together, and inspire them to work together, because they are children of God, not because they think of God in this or that fashion.

Such a religion we find in the simple teachings of Jesus, — the fatherhood of God, the brotherhood of

man. This appeals to us, for it rings true to our minds as well as to our hearts. Every truth that the time reveals makes this faith the more beautiful. The more we know of the history of man, and the more we search men's natures to-day, the more truly we come to respect humanity; the more we know our friends, the deeper we love them. And with the deeper knowledge of man and the universe in which he lives, the more we marvel at the glory of God. The heart is its own witness of God. The heart searches the Bible, and finds among the words of men the living word of God. Leaving the weary lists of genealogies, the dry rituals, the myths and old-time legends, it finds these glowing words: —

"I was an hungered and ye gave me meat; I was thirsty and ye gave me drink; I was a stranger and ye took me in; naked, and ye clothed me; I was sick and ye visited me; I was in prison, and ye came unto me."

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

Oh, why have men been blind to these words! 'As ye have done it unto the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." To help a fellow-man is to love God.

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